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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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Henry W. Tracy.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

HOW AN ACTRESS' WHIM BROUGHT COMFORT INTO A MISERABLE HOME AND AIDED A VICTIM OF THE SLOP SHOPS TO STAVE OFF STARVATION ON AN IMPROVED PLAN; NEW YORK CITY.



BICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

AGAIN the bellicose spirit rages with its old fury and we are surrounded by challenges and the rumors of war. One at a time, boys.

Not a single hero fit to take the place of Jesse James in the esteem of the small boy of the period has come to the front yet. What is the dime novelist to do?

To certain of our "fresh" correspondents: Say, now—honest—do you know anything at all about natural history? If so, why will you persist in mistaking a Fox for an ass?

WELL, Harry Sargent can't complain this season. He has got a star who is bound to make "hits" wherever he appears. He will manage John L. Sullivan in his tour over the country.

SOME of the conductors on Vanderbilt's road are so "tude in their process of punching the passengers' tickets that we shouldn't wonder, at all, if some day the tables were turned and it were the conductor instead of the ticket that gets the punching.

AMONG the prosperous signs of the times comes the intelligence that Matt. Morgan, one of the staff of accomplished artists employed on the POLICE GAZETTE, a resident of Cincinnati, is building a \$40,000 house in the suburbs of that city.

THE young Virginian, Garland, who shot down another young Virginian named Addison the other day, has been acquitted and cheered by the people who attended the trial. The law calls this fight a duel in old Virginia. Wonder what constitutes a murder according to the Virginia code.

WHAT folly! They are holding up their hands in Boston because a favorite New York actor has two well-authenticated wives. Let them look at home, and find how many of their old favorites on their local stage haven't wives and husbands de convenience to the indefinite amount of several.

THE signs of the closing of the seaside season are visible at Coney Island. The rival musicians of the beach are getting up catchpenny musical shows to pay them the balance of salary which the wealthy hotel corporations are too mean to pay them. As usual it is the public that is called on to make up the deficit.

OUR columns show this week a remarkable rivalry in wickedness between the parsons and the actors throughout the country. It is a nip and tuck go-as-you-please of immoral capers between the two privileged classes, with old Satan for umpire and time-keeper, and thus far it seems anybody's race to the goal of perdition.

OVER a hundred women are on trial at Gross Beeskerek, in Hungary, for poisoning their husbands, and thirty-five of them have already been found guilty. This is a cue for the wild west. It will never do to let the old world go ahead of us in marital facilities and matrimonial improvements. Chicago wives will probably see their Hungarian sisters and go several points better in the game of Hymeneal bluff. They'll tumble promptly to the new racket at any rate—you may depend upon it.

If there is anything more anomalous than a dandy sailor, we cannot instance it. Yet Newport bristles these summery days with Mantini matelots, "swell" lieutenants and nobby master's mates. Why don't they give these land-maneuvers some sea duty that will give them the perfume of tar instead of the odors of Patchouli?

THE *tum tum* crowd of alleged American aristocracy at Newport is topping off the season of inanities with amateur theatricals. What horror! The snobs and snides and cads and dandy landlubber naval officers of that nest, with their noses painted and winking the naughty dramatic muse! Isn't that tough on the muse, though?

A NEW YORK actress had a favorite parrot stolen the other day and offers a hundred dollars reward for it. The bird is a good talker, and has occupied the artiste's sleeping apartment for five years. Great heavens! And a good talker, too! What that bird could tell! And what a scandal it could raise, if a POLICE GAZETTE reporter should chance to interview it. No wonder there is a big reward offered.

REVELATIONS of the inner working of the insane asylum about New York are creeping out in whispers. Several sane men have been allowed to escape with all their senses, from their imprisonment in these oublielets, and they are giving the villainy of the managers Terror of a return to their place of torture modulates the plaints of these victims, but the public should raise its voice and demand a full explanation, and a removal of all threats and terrorism.

FOR the most expressive mug of woe, command us to the chap who has followed the races this season on short horses. What an awful long face such a fellow pulls in these days of afterthought enlightenment, when the races are over. We never would have thought the human countenance capable of such elongation. Has he lost much money? You just bet your sweet life he has. And will it be a lesson to him? Not much; he will do it all over again next season.

THE kidnapping of little Lizzie Selden, of Brooklyn, fully reported in another column, gave that plios fraud Rev. Justin D. Fulton, a chance to work himself in. Elbowing the police out of the way he comes to the front, the canting, sleek old humbug, with the claim that it was he and God who recovered the child. He prayed and induced the Deity to restore the little one. The cheek of this pulpit howler deserved the reward of a good square acknowledgment from the toe of the stoutest number nine of the biggest of the peilers.

IF it is right for Mayor Grace and the Park Commissioners to grant a lot of tramps the privilege of encamping as alleged gypsies in the New York Central Park, in order that they may advertise a play at Booth's Theatre, why will it not be the equally correct thing to grant Arthur Wallack's request if he should desire to snipe the City Hall steps for his pa's theatre, and cover the dome of the Court House with streamers and three sheet posters, or even stencil the name of the running attraction across the portrait of Washington in the Governor's room, or on the back of Mayor Grace himself? Why not?

FROM late developments it seems that it is the easiest thing in the world to lodge a sane man in any one of the insane asylums in the vicinity of New York and keep him there until he is really insane. The surprising part of the business is the coolness with which the revelations are received and the lack of any effort to punish the plotters and the physicians who have aided in the plot. If some sane victim who manages finally to escape should revenge himself when free by shooting one of the doctors who tortured him, would the learned judges who receive the revelations of these horrors with such complacency, entertain without keen inquiry the plea of insanity to excuse the murder? We rather guess not. But we put it to their astute legal minds—would they?

THE skeleton of the assassin Guiteau has been scraped clean of its flesh, boiled, polished, wired and set up at the Army Medical Museum in Washington to excite the cupidity of enterprising showmen. The doctors who have analyzed, carved, boiled, stewed and minced the brain of the defunct crunk, have also concluded their labors, and as usual disagreed on the question of their subject's insanity. What a disgusting mob of bores these fellows are with their polysyllabic nonsense, their idiotic theories, their senseless wrangles and ridiculous vanity. Are we never to be rid of them? Is there no national authority of sufficient weight to sit on this "medical talent" and squelch it once and for all? The people are weary of the wrangles of ghouls over the mangled remains of Guiteau.

THAT blood-thirsty patriot of the parlor, O'Donovan Rossa, thinks the time for "skirmishing" has come. He doesn't propose, however, to put himself in the van as the boss skirmer. He thinks that he does his full duty when he "skirmishes" for the ducats and gets them. It is "the other fellow" who is expected to go the front with the dynamite and brave the gallows. You see, there are patriots and patriots.

ANOTHER nasty little yellow cur barking at us, a sniveling bootlicker and panderer to the parsons and Sunday-school hypocrites of Booneville, Mo., keeps a weekly weekly called the *Topic*, alive in that town by covering the sores of the "bum" moralists and lecherous church saints of that town with his journalistic saliva, and thinks it the proper moral caper to spit at us. We note the hiss of this Hutchison thing merely that he may know that we understand his racket—not that we regard him as a fit antagonist. We wouldn't even crush the vermin for dread of its stench. Phew! Let it go in all its moral nastiness.

YOU remember the Green Mountain highwayman, the midsummer sensation of a romantic watering place—him of the eyes with a bright steel glint, who got away with the funds of several weak-kneed boarders he met on the highway? Well, several mischievous girls have given away the racket. They have produced the veritable robber, a masquerading boarder, and have restored the stolen money and jewelry. But this doesn't relieve the jokers from legal responsibility. The law never sees where the laugh comes in, in such jokes, and if the victims have a mind they can turn the tables effectually and disastrously on the amateur "crooks."

OH, what rot! The papers signalize the beginning of the dramatic season by howling, because "the coming American drama" hasn't come. What do you call the melodramas that are imported from England? Aren't they the old American dramas of the Bowery revamped by the English penny-a-liners? They are the American drama gone and come back again. There is no coming drama therefore. We move in a circle, and so fast, that we have gone clean around the periphery and have overtaken the past. The coming is the gone. Let that paradox quiet the Jeremiads of the nincompoops of dramatic criticism.

GILMORE got out his battery of artillery, his anvils, his score of big and little drums, and all humbug musical paraphernalia, and drew over fifty thousand people to his benefit concert at Coney Island on August 31st. The affair ended in discord and ill-humor, however, owing to the failure of the railroads to carry the people home promptly. The new oaths coined by the twenty thousand who were detained until 4 A. M. before they could secure transportation, were something awful to hear. In the most pretentious attempts to do the grand at Coney Island there is always a snide element that crops out on the part of the rich managers of the place, to spoil all.

TO certain moralists of the press who criticize our style of journalism we retort that it is honest, and it is better to be honestly "broad" than bigoted and narrow—rather murky in realism, than "too thin" in hypocrisy. We differ from most of our contemporaries, in that we reflect real vice and facts of real life, and devote all our brilliancy to these reflections; they devote their talents to blurring their mirror and painting it over with grotesque, unnatural moral figures, tinted beyond nature, and symmetrical to a suspicious degree. We think the public prefers viewing things through our clean lens to seeing things "through a glass darkly" as the hypocrite moralists would have it. Therefore read us no more lectures—let the public be the judge.

THE Denver papers declare that Doc. Baggs, the bunko man, has been in the habit of making a liberal divvy in all his swindles, with the Denver judges and city authorities. So it seems this famous Colorado city is not only distinguished by being the abiding place of Judge Jeffries, the POLICE GAZETTE'S champion liar—it is also possessed of champion thieves and knucks. Really, Denver is a paradise of the Zig Zags—the Walhalla of the crooked. Janus has a perpetual apotheosis there if the Denver papers are to be believed. But stop—Hasn't Judge Jeffries, our famous liar, something to do with the press there? Doesn't he own a devil or two, or two or three editors or a paper? Sure. That's it. Our famous champion may have had a hand in that editing, so we must take the stories of official crookedness with a handful of salt as an allowance for the Judge's presence. A little of our famous champion would leaven the whole lump of journalistic veracity to such puffed out proportions that to term it a transformation into a gigantic lie would not do full justice to the miracle.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE French horn—A glass of absinthe.

Some girls are just good enough to eat when they are in their sauce age.

The lah-de-dah cigarette-smoking young man is now styled third-class male matter.

"PEOPLE don't always drink water when at watering-places." No, summer inclined to whisky.

AN editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud said: "Well, that covers the ground anyhow."

In a Leadville church is conspicuously displayed the legend: "Please do not shoot at the organist; he does his best."

"FAT BOY!" "No, you cannot raise chickens from egg plants. You might as well try to raise calves from a cowcatcher."

"HER Face Was Her Fortune," is the title of a popular novel. She was evidently a book agent, and traveled on her cheek.

The ocean steamer passage-books show that the words, "When I was in Europe," will issue from 60,000 additional mouths next Autumn.

The castor-oil plant is said to be peculiarly obnoxious to flies; but one can't have a castor-oil plant growing on top of his bald head.

A MINISTER at Brompton, Ont., has been sued by a girl he kissed two years ago; she waited for him to do it again until her patience was clean gone.

"WHAT a nice-looking young man," simpered a lady to her friend, as a youth in the omnibus deposited her nickname in the safety-box. "Yes," was the reply, "I see he is passing fair."

FEELING the bumps on a man's head may discover the chief traits of his nature, but feeling the bumps on a man's foot, especially by treading on them, will develop immediate and unmistakable evidence of a man's character.

THE meanest kind of a mean man is one who, seeing anything lying in a hammock, bowls, "dog fight," so that he may see the victim try to get out of the hammock quick and get slung about six somersaults with mud in his mouth.

WITHIN 1,000 years we are told the fuel supply of the world will be exhausted, but you'll probably, long ere that time, be where there's plenty of it and no danger of its giving out, so let the folks who'll be left out in the cold do the fretting.

AN eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing. Same with gentlemen. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

SEATED one balmy afternoon on the veranda of Mrs. Howe's residence in Newport, Oscar Wilde was heard to remark to a lady who was present: "Strange that a pair of silk stockings should so upset a nation," whereupon a well-known gentleman sitting a little remote from the poet interposed: "It's the calf that is in the stockings."

A CHICAGO lady who had gone into the country at the invitation of some relatives wrote to her husband. "Dear Charley—When I left home I forgot to bring my slippers with me. Send them on at once." She received a telegram the next day to the following effect: "Express companies can't spare room to transport them. Buy a new pair."

"YOU say you can't pay your rent now?" "No, I can't pay it right now. It takes all my money to support my family, provisions are so high." "When do you think you will be able to pay up?" "Just as soon as beer gets down to five cents a schooner I'll be able to lay up two or three dollars a day, and then I'll be able to liquidate my indebtedness."

IN OSCAR WILDE'S STYLE.

A little boy with a base-ball bat
(Sore is the joint of the left hand thumb),
A stone he shies at a bridle cat
(But the voice of the sobbing is dumb),
For thee, my love, will my strong right arm
(Hoarse is the man with a liver-pad),
Plow up the stumps in a western farm
(And solid I'll get with your grizzled dad).
O, the red, red rose is red, you bet!
(Autumn is coming my sweet, my sweet);
Maud S. will trot in two seven yet
(Or my name isn't Redheaded Granger Pete).

SAID a pompous individual to a young hopeful, whose parents he was visiting: "Little folks should be seen and not heard." The small boy came to the surface immediately with: "Yes, and big folks should be neither seen or heard; when they don't know any more than you do. Pa says you haven't got sense enough to know when to go home." Sensation.

"CANST tell me, Henrico, why yon fair damsel's tresses are like unto a flower garden?" "Nay, by me troth I cannot, Ferdinand, unless it be that they are trained so artistically." "Thy answer is apt, good Henrico, but thou art far from the true answer. List, whilst I discover it unto thee. A flower garden, thou knowest, is yclept a parterre? Well, Henrico, the damsel's tresses are likewise only part hair."

TYING her bonnet under her chin
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart with.

—[Nora Perry.]

And many a time that little chin
He's heard from since, you bet and win!
And bonnets she's had for her raven hair,
And many a time he's been called a bear;
And now she is throwing her ringlets back,
And says she shall have a sealakin saucie!

"I FEEL I am going, going," said the sick man as the doctor felt his pulse and his wife hung over the foot-board of the bed eagerly watching the physician's face. The patient raised his eyes, and catching a glimpse of her expression, continued in a clearer and stronger voice: "Yes, I feel I am going—going—to get well." Then she left the room suddenly and wept such tears as only a woman can who encounters the crowning disappointment of her life.

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Hamfatters and the Barnstormers Start Their Annual Procession.

Gossip of the Green-Rooms, Piquant Scandals of the Side Scenes and Rumors of the Dramatic Routes.

THAT "Alvin Joslyn" bediamonded Davis still lives and disports itself. These specimens won't be killed by sitting down on them.

THERE is war in the "Romany Rye" camp. The Brooks & Dickson mob have already begun wrangling, not over the division of the spoils, but the division of the dead sure losses.

AFTER Maggie Mitchell gets through torturing us (she is to stick to us a whole month) the Florida "spook" is to walk again at the Park Theatre. Will these ancient spirits never down?

GUS WILLIAMS, the great and only Dutch slide, is going to give us another week of it in November. At present he is out west somewhere making the people understand that life is not worth living.

TONY PASTOR is becoming extremely "tony." He will run only comic opera at his Fourteenth street house in New York this season, and will keep a company on the road to do variety on the strength of his name, for the rustics.

IT'S a fine mob that has been engaged to support Rhea during this season's tour. That's all we have to say about it, and we don't want to see it. Lord help! Hades will come in due time and will come to us—we shall not go to it—not, at least, voluntarily.

WHEN Nat Goodwin goes all the way to London to get a comic Jew to illustrate on the stage, when he has only to study the box office and front of Havy's Fourteenth Street Theatre for sheeny effects we feel justified in saying his jokes are far-fetched.

GREAT gosh! A Shakespearian festival at Cincinnati next May and McCullough, Keene, Barrett and Mary Anderson are going to act together. There will doubtless be a great increase in the death rate of Ohio in May, and the lunatic asylums will begin to fill up in an astonishing manner.

CHARLEY THORNE presides over the mixed opening exercises in the Elm Place Congregational Church. The gas bulb of Columbus, O., crowns the services nightly with a benediction of damns. The waters of Ronkonkoma do not seem to have had a truly cleansing effect.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is at it in full blast at the New York Park Theatre, in spite of all our warnings. Nothing but shot guns will do for a certain class of dramatic crows, and then they often dodge the shot. Talk about a cat having nine lives! Why—. But we can't do justice to the terrible subject, and there is no use in trying.

If Mr. E. G. Gilmore knows when he is well off he will lock himself up in a room in the attic of the Metropolitan Hotel and fling the key out of the window every night, so that he may not get near the front door of Niblo's Garden when the audience is filing in and interfere with the admirable management of his partner, John F. Poole.

If Harrigan would cut out the first two acts of the new drama, "The Blackbird," and play the last three with a simple change of scene to this country he would make a go of it. If this isn't done he will have to open a day school in old Irish history in the front of the house to educate the gallery patrons of the New York Comique up to the point of understanding the nightly performances.

BROOKLYN is Slinn's domain indeed—especially theatrically—and the Colonel has begun his season at the Park with a boom that proves the wicked are mighty and will prevail in Beecher's domain of deceit. Meantime Haverly, or whatever sheeny may have cooped in his name in Brooklyn, fails to make a sign at the Brooklyn Theatre. The Adams street "dead house" is in the full blast of hamfattening attractions, however, and the Hebrew goose hangs high.

POOR Sammy of the Entrails—we never saw him so much cut up as he has been since the failure of "Taken from Life," in its preliminary trial in Chicago. They wouldn't have it at all out there. Imagine then how sad he feels when he faces his contract to produce the same wretched slush at Wallack's Theatre in New York. We fear the leak in that Coville balloon is irreparable, and that viscera bag will never be distended again to its old proportions.

OH, Laura Don—what are you giving us? That "Daughter of the Nile" is the oldest sort of material, and the acting of that company you have paraded in is something quite beneath criticism. As for you, well, you've got together in the role all the fine poses, all the effective speeches, all the striking situations you ever filled to your satisfaction, and have made a hodge podge of them and presented them to the public. The effect is bewildering and not at all pleasant.

PIMPLES Gould has his *boudoir d'amour* in full blast behind the scenes of the Grand Opera House. Which artist has been selected to christen the lurking place of the dramatic Pimple and his millionaire comrades, the gilded Abscess, the flaming Bells and the wily tentacular Cancer is not known. We shall keep the public well posted, however, on the obscene orgies of this *oubliette* of the Thalian ogre, and the triumphs of Pimples shall have due glorification in our columns.

MR. LARRY BRANNIGAN (*alias* Lawrence Barrett), has begun his agony among the Jews of Philadelphia. He's the same small—very small—creature we have known in the past. There's no change in Larry, although his change would be for the better, and there'll be no change in his pockets either, if he falls in with many Jew managers over the country. Your Hebrew money-clipping manager has little respect for even an arrogant descendant of the Kings of Ireland, and even while giving him taffy is quite capable of picking his pocket of the crown jewels.

EMMA ABBOTT begins her season this month in the small one-night towns of Illinois. Having found that travelling on kisses will not support her any longer she intends to try the effect of her voice on the untutored minds of the Illinois rustics. We tremble for Emma when she ceases to kiss and to gush

and to humbug and comes out in all the naked enormity of a vocal terror. They'll indict her, sure. They will not stand such things out west, and if she does not take an early opportunity of mashing every person in town so that she can get her fog horn blessed as a sample of what Gabriel's bugle is likely to be, she is gone.

DALY and old Slime are going to have a hack at "Mankind." They were long ago shaken off by "Womankind," so now they begin to prey with less hope of success on the human race irrespective of sex. But the slippery, slimy old shark and his attendant eel will find that there are no fresh Jonas floating around anxious to let him play the Biblical whale on them. A shark is a shark, and old Slime will learn that the public and the "perch" are educated to appreciate the difference between it and a whale. There is only one thing for him to do—let him turn on his eel and make a Daly meal of it. Unless, indeed, the eel manage to swallow the shark which he seems inclined to do in his fierce hunger.

Laura Don seems not only to have captured an author, but an artist, an upholsterer, a dry goods man and lots of other people, for she announces not only that she has written the play "A Daughter of the Nile," but that she painted the models of the scenery, devised the machinery of the stage, furnished with her own hands the furniture of the harem scene, the background of which is made up of camel's hair shawls worth \$2,000 apiece, and made her own and several other costumes used in the drama. After this where is the use of the other "stars" trying to rival her in artistic attainments? She has filled the bill—anticipated everything—scooped in all the honors. Now if she could only scoop in the box office. But there's where she meets her Waterloo. Old man Henderson is there, and he does all the scooping in that quarter.

NECUTIN HILL has produced his Margaret Mather as *Julie* in Chicago, and has just succeeded in floating her head above water by the aid of his fleet of rich galloons freighted with ducats. A very shrewd trick of his was to have a banquet in progress in the front of the house while the acting was going on on the stage. While Margaret was getting in her lace-work on wretched Shakespeare, Hill was firing slugs of whiskey and platefulls of chicken salad into the maw of the critics. Meantime he had a half dozen secretaries at work in another room writing the critics' criticisms for them; and manifolding telegrams to be sent over the country by the associated press representatives, who also assisted at the high art racket. Hill was really a greater success on the occasion than Margaret, for the way he worked the oracle was truly surprising.

THERE is a church scene in Bronson Howard's new play, to be presented at the Madison Square Theatre in October, which calls for a "chorus of virgins." Virgins? Why, Brother Mallory! Landsakes alive! Where are you ever going to get them? Not in your own company, we'll bet. But the virgins are not to be seen—they are "off left" when they sing. Very good, we'll bet they'll be very much "off" virgins if they're picked up around the Madison Square dramatic meeting house. Hold your horses, parson. You are going too far with your goody-good realism when you call for real virgins for stage effects. Why the churches would have trouble to furnish asorted "props" of that sort of the proper presentable character of form and feature, let alone that hypocritical side show of yours. Virgins! And a chorus of them, too! That means more than one virgin on the scene at a time! Well, we should smile!

THAT lanky, conceited, would-be comedian, R. E. Graham, who was such a great person last season that he would not travel with Minnie Palmer unless he had his name rung into the title of the troupe and unless he was starred as an equal attraction with her, has been compelled to sing small this year. He is perfectly willing to take a small salary and sink into his proper obscurity as the dimly comic support of a talentless soubrette midget who makes her most effective dramatic points by a liberal display of clocked stockings. Graham boomed himself for a little while by imitating several of Joe Emmett's good points. Then he set himself up as the equal, if not the superior of his model, and then the outraged public sat upon him. The flattened remains will play modestly enough in Minnie Palmer's stock company this season. Minnie opens her season at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this season, but we shall not escape her. She will project herself at the metropolis on October, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

A HAPPY thought. Ned Thorne and "Redney" Goodwin forgot to tell why their new piece now playing at the Union Square was called "The Black Flag," and the author also failed to make any allusion to the title or to justify it in any manner in the course of the play. This has put the managers to the trouble and expense of explaining the title in the papers a week after the production in the following line: "When a convict escapes from Portland prison England, they hoist 'The Black Flag.'" How ignorant we were! If we had all been in Portland prison we would know all these things just as the English managers and actors and sheenies from London via Australia do. But this is a new country and you must pardon us. We have everything before us—even the gallows—and there is no knowing what experience we may be coming to if we are to be pestered with pieces like this "Black Flag." One thing is certain, however; if we had had our way in advance the author would never have escaped from the prison and then that flag would never have been hoisted.

WE rise to a point of information. What pay, if any, does Mayor Grace take for his services as an advertisement for showmen? When Theodore Moss uses His Honor as a "gag" to give prominence to the alleged "juvenile opera troupe," which is composed mainly of young women of eighteen to twenty and boys ranging in age from fifteen to nineteen, he must know that he is reducing himself to the proportions of a theatrical gutter snipe. If he doesn't know it he is precious green indeed. And knowing it, does he want us to believe Moss paid him nothing for his service in pretending he had an idea of stopping the performance? If so, we say nothing, but we put a forefinger beside our nose, thrust our tongue in the side of our left cheek and wink. What that means we leave His Honor and Arthur Wallack (who, having been employed as a clerk in the County Clerk's office knows how to work the City Hall rackets) to translate to their own satisfaction. Perhaps our meaning may be clearer at first sight to the public than to them, however. Anyhow, there are our signals—translate them according to your lights.

IT is amusing to read the paragraphs written in the Grand Opera House and printed in newspapers

puffing Yardstick Abbey for his taste in theatricals and a certain bleached, slimy and photographic-negative sort of nonentity named W. W. Tillotson, who is supposed to be the manager of the Eighth Avenue palace of Pimples. How ridiculous, when we know that both Abbey and Tillotson are absolute ignoramus who dare not open their mouths in company where grammatical symmetry goes for anything, lest they give themselves away. As if we didn't know, and all the public, too, that this ignorant pair are only posing as the soft, sensible and daft decoys at the gate of Pimples' *salles de plaisir*. As if we couldn't see that the opera house pretense is only a pretense. As if we couldn't see the radiance of the Pimples, the effigies of the Bells, the glow of the Abscess and the grasping tentacles of the Cancers in the background. Pimples and his inflamed comrades have chosen the right sort of material in these two managers (!) to mask their eruptive give-away, but a keen eye can see through to the gorgeous pus cavity behind the private box on the O. P. side, which is draining the whole house for its support.

LAURA DON seems not only to have captured an author, but an artist, an upholsterer, a dry goods man and lots of other people, for she announces not only that she has written the play "A Daughter of the Nile," but that she painted the models of the scenery, devised the machinery of the stage, furnished with her own hands the furniture of the harem scene, the background of which is made up of camel's hair shawls worth \$2,000 apiece, and made her own and several other costumes used in the drama. After this where is the use of the other "stars" trying to rival her in artistic attainments? She has filled the bill—anticipated everything—scooped in all the honors. Now if she could only scoop in the box office. But there's where she meets her Waterloo. Old man Henderson is there, and he does all the scooping in that quarter.

NECUTIN HILL has produced his Margaret Mather as *Julie* in Chicago, and has just succeeded in floating her head above water by the aid of his fleet of rich galloons freighted with ducats. A very shrewd trick of his was to have a banquet in progress in the front of the house while the acting was going on on the stage. While Margaret was getting in her lace-work on wretched Shakespeare, Hill was firing slugs of whiskey and platefulls of chicken salad into the maw of the critics. Meantime he had a half dozen secretaries at work in another room writing the critics' criticisms for them; and manifolding telegrams to be sent over the country by the associated press representatives, who also assisted at the high art racket. Hill was really a greater success on the occasion than Margaret, for the way he worked the oracle was truly surprising.

THAT lanky, conceited, would-be comedian, R. E. Graham, who was such a great person last season that he would not travel with Minnie Palmer unless he had his name rung into the title of the troupe and unless he was starred as an equal attraction with her, has been compelled to sing small this year. He is perfectly willing to take a small salary and sink into his proper obscurity as the dimly comic support of a talentless soubrette midget who makes her most effective dramatic points by a liberal display of clocked stockings. Graham boomed himself for a little while by imitating several of Joe Emmett's good points. Then he set himself up as the equal, if not the superior of his model, and then the outraged public sat upon him. The flattened remains will play modestly enough in Minnie Palmer's stock company this season. Minnie opens her season at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this season, but we shall not escape her. She will project herself at the metropolis on October, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

A HAPPY thought. Ned Thorne and "Redney" Goodwin forgot to tell why their new piece now playing at the Union Square was called "The Black Flag," and the author also failed to make any allusion to the title or to justify it in any manner in the course of the play. This has put the managers to the trouble and expense of explaining the title in the papers a week after the production in the following line: "When a convict escapes from Portland prison England, they hoist 'The Black Flag.'" How ignorant we were! If we had all been in Portland prison we would know all these things just as the English managers and actors and sheenies from London via Australia do. But this is a new country and you must pardon us. We have everything before us—even the gallows—and there is no knowing what experience we may be coming to if we are to be pestered with pieces like this "Black Flag." One thing is certain, however; if we had had our way in advance the author would never have escaped from the prison and then that flag would never have been hoisted.

WE rise to a point of information. What pay, if any, does Mayor Grace take for his services as an advertisement for showmen? When Theodore Moss uses His Honor as a "gag" to give prominence to the alleged "juvenile opera troupe," which is composed mainly of young women of eighteen to twenty and boys ranging in age from fifteen to nineteen, he must know that he is reducing himself to the proportions of a theatrical gutter snipe. If he doesn't know it he is precious green indeed. And knowing it, does he want us to believe Moss paid him nothing for his service in pretending he had an idea of stopping the performance? If so, we say nothing, but we put a forefinger beside our nose, thrust our tongue in the side of our left cheek and wink. What that means we leave His Honor and Arthur Wallack (who, having been employed as a clerk in the County Clerk's office knows how to work the City Hall rackets) to translate to their own satisfaction. Perhaps our meaning may be clearer at first sight to the public than to them, however. Anyhow, there are our signals—translate them according to your lights.

ERIC BAYLEY, the English actor, who came to this country last season with an English company to play "The Colonel," and who fell among thieves and was "skinned" most thoroughly in the "counting up" processes peculiar in America, is now in more trouble. He had with him as the leading lady of his company his wife, a handsome young woman who was billed as "Mindha Bayley," but whose real name is Mary Matilda. She was a feature of the company and was supposed to be devoted to her husband. One season in America, however, seemed to break her all up, morally, for she hadn't sooner gone back to England to prepare for another season's tour here, when she skipped away with a hair-parted-in-the-middle young man named Lilford Arthur, with whom she came back to New York. Arthur was engaged in the company rehearsing "Mankind" at Old Slime's theatre, and there was arrested on August 21, at the instance of Mr. Bayley. The young Lothario was lodged in Lud-

lowstreet jail, but the lawyers fixed the matter in a "mutually satisfactory" manner and he was let out to rejoin the congenial company of the lean eel Augustin and the round old Slime, whose malodorous propensity had already branded the young man for life. Mrs. Bayley has separated from her husband, but agreed to abandon her young master and go back to England to live with her parents. This is the first scandalous event of the season over which old Slime has presided. The nasty old man has not lost his magic yet, you see, and the dramatic tank where he disposes is still the prime cesspool of all the dirty business of the stage. No angelic asbestos robe could be freed of its stains after being dipped once in the vat in which old Slime flounders.

THE SERENADES AND THE BEES.

A Quaker Bridegroom Upsets a Dozen Hives of Bees About the Ears of a Party of Serenaders.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Stillwater, Iowa, a couple of weeks ago, a benevolent Quaker, a Mr. Fox, was quietly married to a Quakeress. He was not popular with the young bloods of the town owing to his opposition to gambling and to drinking saloons, and they determined to give him a noisy serenade that lasted through the greater part of his wedding night. They felt assured that they could carry out this project without fear of retaliation on his part, since his firm adherence to the peaceful tenets of his faith was well-known. Fox got wind of the proposed musical torture, however, and prepared for it. His "crank" is in the cultivation of bees, and he had twelve large hives on his premises, each of which contained the largest and fiercest variety of bee. On the evening of the expected serenade Mr. Fox conveyed the twelve beehives to the roof of his front piazza, and placed them very near the edge thereof. He then provided himself with a pole long enough to reach from his front bedroom window to the bee hives, and with a sweet and placid expression of countenance sat down to await the serenaders.

In due time they arrived in force. There were at least fifty of them, and grouping themselves in the front yard close to the house they began their uproar. Mr. Fox listened silently for ten or fifteen minutes, and then appeared at the window, and with a gesture induced the musicians to pause. He told them that they must leave his premises, and that if they refused they would probably be sorry. With scornful laughter the young men declined to depart, and drowning Mr. Fox's voice with ironical cheer, they resumed their serenade. It was then that Mr. Fox deftly upset his twelve bee hives with the aid of his pole, and, closing his window, proceeded to go peacefully to bed, undisturbed by the wild yells which suddenly arose from his serenaders, and without seeking to know why, they fled headlong from his front yard.

"There wasn't one of them bees that would let up on a man under three miles," remarked Mr. Fox next day.

THE COMING DRAMATIST FOUND.

He Proposes Himself as a "Police Gazette" Champion and Wants Only \$1,500.

Among the many cheeky propositions made us, each invariably calling on us for the production of various sums of money, we think the following, which we print verbatim et literatim, is so decidedly nervy and so superlatively impudent as to deserve embalming in cold type. It is a dramatist who cackles. Hearken to him and observe the thrilling dramatic style in which he "strikes" us:

"WILMINGTON, August 29th.
Mr. FOX—Sir! Knowing that you are a gentleman in the sporting circles of life I thought perhaps you would be willing to take hold of a dramatic drama for the stage something that has no equalled the grandest play ever placed on the stage. Can be played in breathing room only it is something new has never been produced like it before it is copyrighted and sketched ready to be dramatised but on account of my position in life I am unable to carry out my plans through I do not wish any money only to be supported in the play it will cost fifteen hundred to put it on the stage, and the receipts of the first show to pay for costs of putting it on the stage after ten years experience I consider it will profit me forty thousand the first year I am willing to give a half interest for the money to get it up, with if this meets your acceptance I will explain my idea of the play and furnish references in regards to ability and character. Yours
G. F. YOUNG,
1,013 poplar, Wilmington Del."

A WOMAN'S SIN.

Bitter Atonement of a Ruined Girl Who Loved Not Wisely But Too Well.

Several months since a young lady, Alice Ashe, of Lonoke, Ark., left her home telling her mother she was going on a brief visit to a friend. Some little time after near Batesville, in a neighboring county, a young girl who said her name was Alice Jones, was arrested and sent to prison for abandoning her infant to die on the highway. Her mother, meantime, had been hunting for her, and arrived at Batesville in time to see her on her way to prison. The poor mother was horror-stricken, and fell fainting to the ground. It was weeks before she recovered and sought her erring daughter in the prison. The story the child told was that she loved a young Lonoke farmer, named Houndsley, and at last fell before his wiles and surrendered what was most dear. To conceal her shame she fled to Batesville, where he promised to follow and marry her. Instead of doing so he fled the state. Several influential citizens interested themselves in her behalf, and on the 22d ult. she was pardoned and released from jail.

CANOEING IN PETTICOATS.

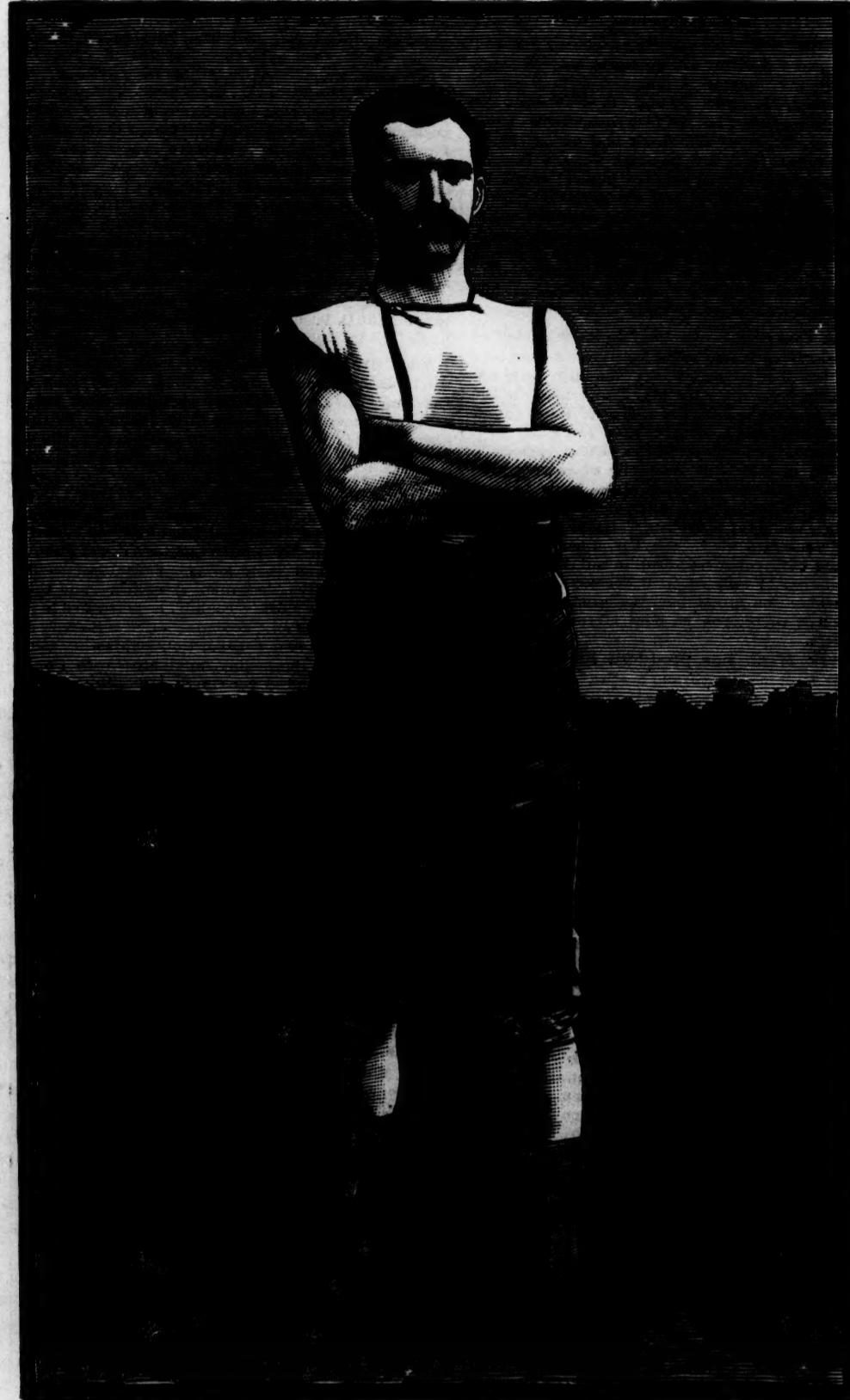
[Subject of Illustration.]
Canoeing is the latest novelty in aquatic sports. Once the natural skillfulness of the craft is overcome its use is certainly an enjoyable one. One of the most recent novelties in canoeing is the trip two young New York ladies have been making by river and canal from New York through Lake Champlain to Lake George. Our picture is from a sketch furnished by one of the nereids herself, and it does the subject justice. It is safe to assume that there are two girls in Gotham who have enjoyed themselves better this summer than if they had spent their time at Long Branch or Saratoga. Before many summers have passed they will find many imitators in the circles of aristocracy of which they are such robust, sensible ornaments.

James L. Downey.

This noted pedestrian, whose portrait we give, brother of the Delmanings, Archie and Den, and Verner Howard, died at Colliers, O., Aug. 16th, 1882. He was born in Brooklyn, November 17th, 1850. In the fall of 1877, he took up pedestrianism as a profession. His first contest was at Gilmore's Garden, in a six-hour walk against time; he accomplished 35 miles. The second was in Passaic City, where he covered the immense distance of 190 miles in 22 hours. His next appearance was at Central Park Garden, on April 7, 1878, where he undertook the feat of walking 400 miles in 100 hours. In this he failed the principal cause being that the track was exposed, and he had to walk with the rain and hail beating down on him; he accomplished 163 miles in 33 hours, when his friends were obliged to insist on his leaving the track, owing to the miserable accommodations. He next entered for the 36-hour championship of America. After covering 57 miles he withdrew from the race; he led Harriman five miles. His next appearance was at the American Institute on June 8, in the 50-mile championship, where he succeeded in making the fastest time on record up to date. The next was on August 3, at Masonic Temple, New York City, an exhibition walk, when he in 18 hours, 6 minutes and 40 seconds, made 100 miles, which is the fastest time for that distance ever made. But he gets no record for it, as it was an exhibition walk. His next was on the 13th of September, same place; he covered 106½ miles in 18 hours and 27 minutes. His next appearance was at Gilmore's Garden for the Smith and O'Leary purse. He covered 76 miles in 15 hours, when he was obliged to leave the track owing to foul play. The next was at the armory of the 5th regiment on February 17, 1879, where he made 15 miles in 2 hours and 15 minutes. He then went to Philadelphia, where he has been giving exhibition walks of 5 and 10 miles twice per day. He beat the best time made by either Harriman or Rowell.

Mr. Downey sailed for England in June, landing at Liverpool on the 10th, but on account of sustaining a sprained ankle in Philadelphia, while training, did not enter as a contestant in the Astley Belt walk, and took passage on June 24 for New York. He then issued a challenge open to all to walk any man from 50 to 100 miles, for from \$3,000 to \$5,000 stakes and the winner to take both stakes and gate money. This challenge was never accepted. Downey then went to Baltimore, and came off winner in some twelve different contests, outstripping every pedestrian of any note in the State of Maryland. There he made the fastest five miles upon record, covering this distance in 38 minutes. He then entered a walking tournament in Providence, R. I., and during the contest broke down but not until he had defeated Pete Crossman, the great English 24-hour walker, who was supposed at that time to be the champion 24-hour walker of the tan-bark world. Three weeks after this contest Mr. Downey returned to Baltimore and issued a challenge to walk any man in the State a six days' match he walking and allowing his opponent to go as he pleased.

The challenge not being accepted and Mr. Downey finding it impossible to gain an acceptance of his challenge for a 24 or 72 hour contest, retired from the track, and since then has been resting upon his laurels won in past days. He



JAMES L. DOWNEY,

FAMOUS AMERICAN LONG-DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN, LATELY DECEASED.

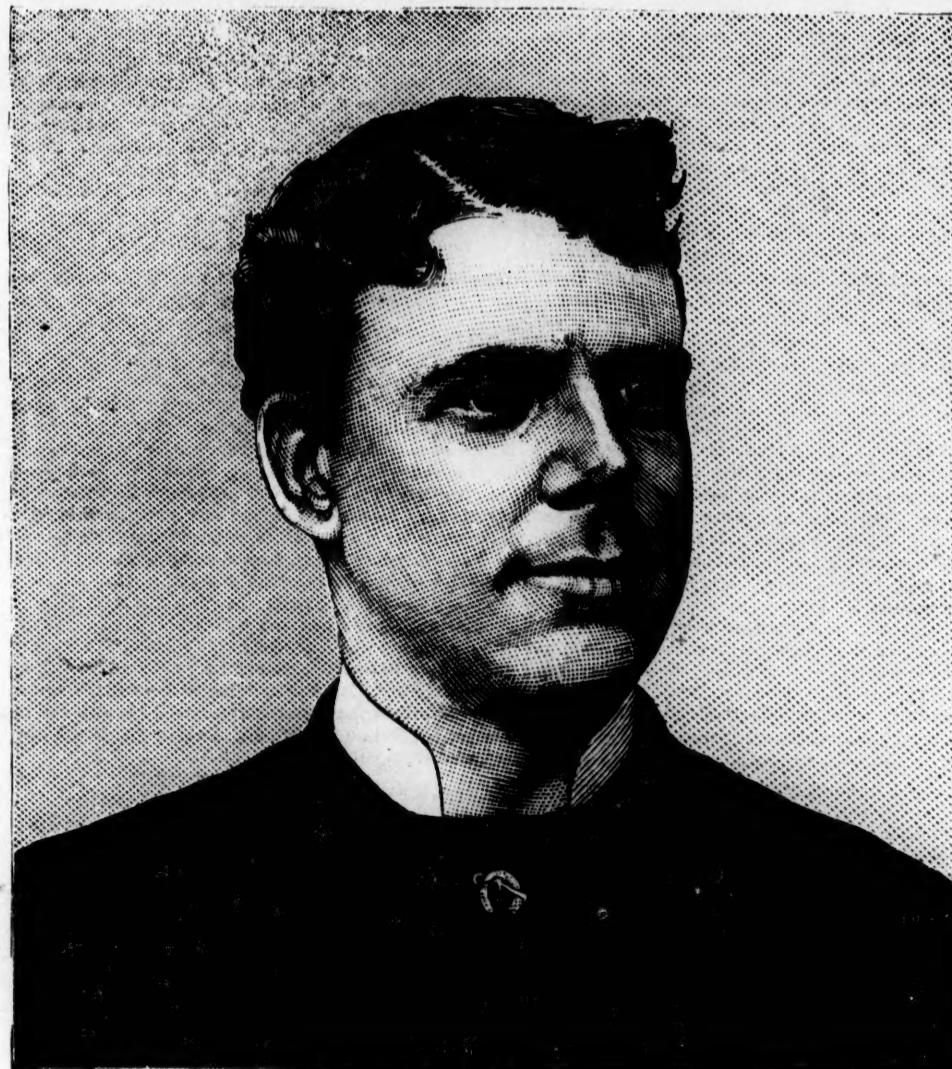
had been, since then, traveling in various parts of the Union, and at last settled down at the St. James Hotel, New Orleans, La. At the Crescent City he figured in several races with O'Leary, winning one of them. Downey's remains were buried from his father's residence in Brooklyn, on Aug. 20, and the funeral was largely attended.

Horace Wheatley and Edward Traynor.

In this issue we publish the portraits of Horace Wheatley and Edward Traynor, the renowned Irish Team, who are now playing in all the leading variety theaters throughout the United States. Wheatley and Traynor were born in Ireland. Wheatley was brought up in Liverpool where he won the championship at clogdancing defeating all comers. Traynor was "raised" up in Manchester, where at an early age he displayed great ability as a Lancashire clog-dancer. Wheatley and Traynor danced three times for the championship of the world, at Liverpool, England. The first two contests ended in a draw, but on the third trial Wheatley won. For twelve years Wheatley held the championship against all comers, until challenged by Dick Carroll, the American champion. The match was decided at Liverpool, England. Wheatley won after one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed. Wheatley and Traynor came to this country August, 1881, with Sam Hague's minstrels, but liking things over here they decided to make it their home. Since their sojourn they have created a furore in the variety halls, their dancing being considered in the light of a revelation. Wheatley has a standing challenge to dance against any man in the world, twenty-one steps, Lancashire style, for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side, while Wheatley and Traynor will also dance double against any two men in the world, Lancashire style, for \$2,500 a side, and to prove they mean business they have posted \$500 forfeit with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE. Last week the famous team played in Providence, R. I., and made a great hit. Next week they start off on a thirty-nine weeks' engagement when they will appear at all the prominent theaters, the manager paying them the sum of \$300 per week. Wheatley and Traynor are without doubt the best artists in Irish sketches of the style they effect, and in Lancashire clog dancing, yet seen in this country.

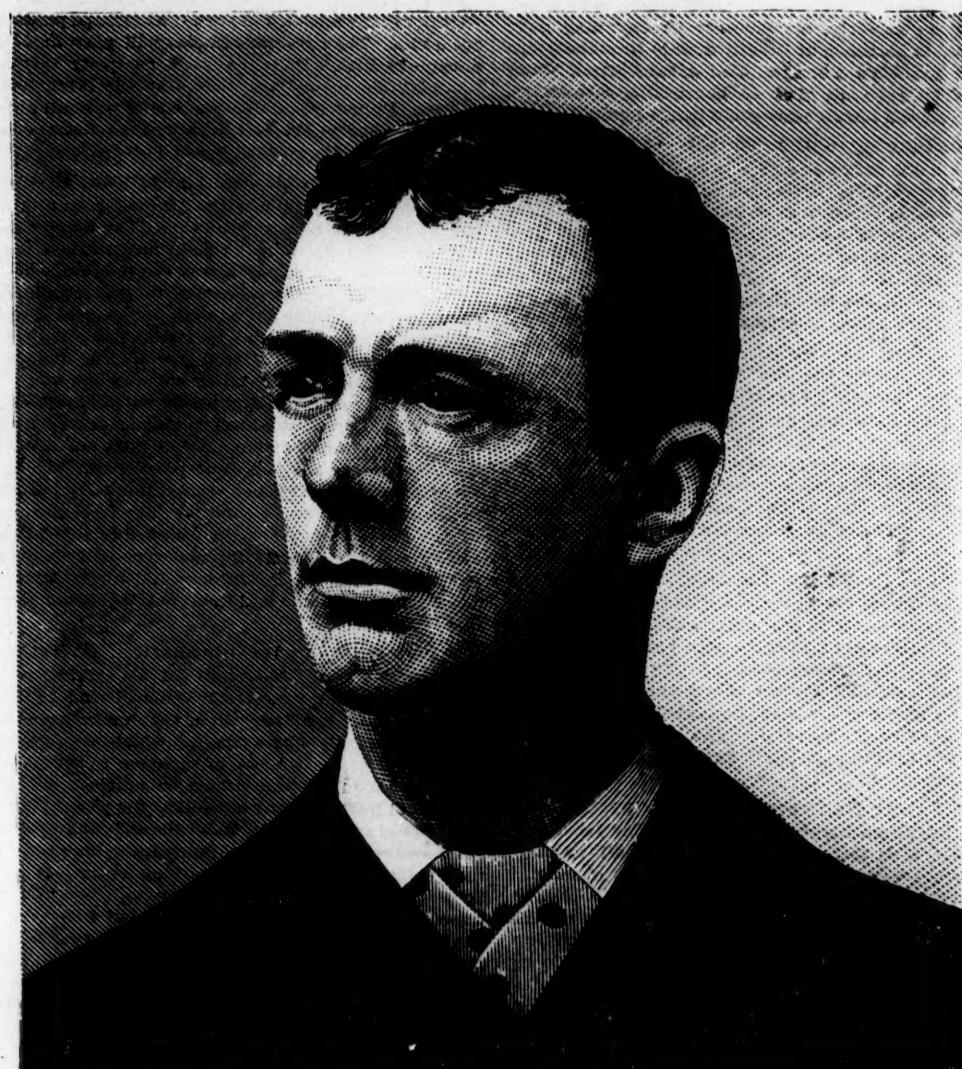
An Indian Legend.

A story about which there is a fascination it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it is that of the "Home of Gold." Somewhere in southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, inclosed in high, rocky walls, and accessible only by a secret passage, which is known to but a few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which waters it thoroughly and makes it a perfect Paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge, and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal as others do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold, and to run down into the center of the earth.



HORACE WHEATLEY,

THE ENGLISH CHAMPION LANCASHIRE CLOG DANCER AND VARIETY ARTIST.



EDWARD TRAYNOR,

FAMOUS CHAMPION CLOG DANCER AND IRISH SPECIALTY ACTOR.

[Photo by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



FOUR HEROIC MAIDENS.

THEY DISCOVER A FIRE AT MIDNIGHT IN A HOUSE AT BUFFALO CREEK, COLO., EXTINGUISH IT AND RESCUE THE INMATES.

Edwin D. Bither.

This is one of the youngest drivers in the Northwest and ranks with the best. For seven years past he has been training and handling for J. I. Case, of Racine, Wis. The best horse he ever had, judging by the success he had in campaigning, was the black gelding Edwin B., record 2:27. He was named after Mr. Bither. In 1873 this horse made a clean sweep of every race through the northwestern circuit. He has shown some very fast trials and will most likely make a much lower mark in 1882.

The chestnut gelding Dom Pedro did all he could in Bither's hands, which was 2:27. He was quite speedy but a scandalous breaker. Charlie C. was also driven by this gentleman and made a record of 2:34 in his hands, winning a very stubbornly contested race of seven heats at Dubuque, Iowa. He gave Kitty Clyde a record of 2:34, which is no measure of her speed. He is now training Phalias, by Dictator, that is a pretty smooth article, also Midge and a

These life savers are features of Rockaway which we deem worthy of a place in the POLICE GAZETTE gallery of heroes and celebrities.

A Jessie James Avenger.

A character known as Texas Charley created a little diversion at the Park Theatre, Chicago, a few nights ago. Charley claims to have been a particular friend of the now dead and gone Jesse James and is supposed to cherish no particular friendship for the Ford brothers. He was at the Park Theatre and when the Fords, who are playing there, came on the stage he cheered lustily for Jessie James. An officer hushed him up but he waited for Bob and Charley and when they appeared he is alleged to have reached for his "gun." The Fords promptly covered Texas Charley with their own weapons. Bloodshed was of course anticipated but some outsiders were bold enough to rush in between the belligerents and the cause of the disturbance was summarily ejected.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

EDWIN D. BITHER,

OF RACINE, WIS.; THE YOUNGEST DRIVER AND TRAINER OF TROTTING HORSES IN THE NORTHWEST.

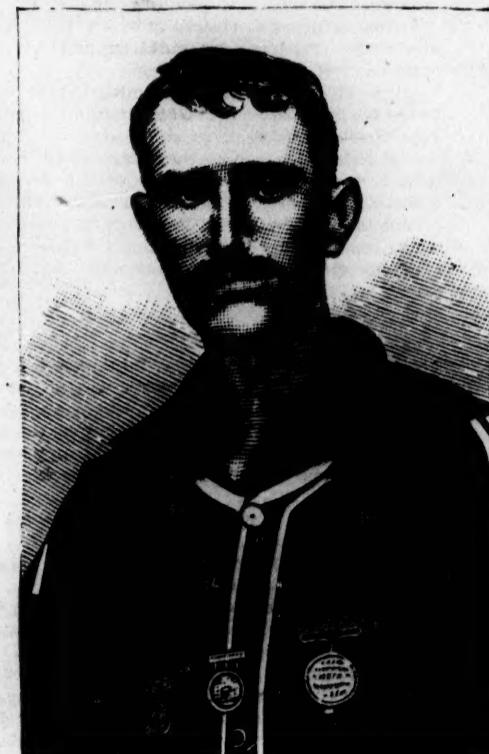
three year old by the same sire. They will be started this year and will be somewhere near the front at the finish. Besides the above he has driven quite a number of others that could trot from 2:30 to 2:50, but he gave them no records worth mentioning.

Mr. Bither is a good handler, an excellent driver in a tight place, a good judge of pace and knows just when to save or send his horse. He is one of the coming men in the business in the west.

Two Heroes of the Surf.

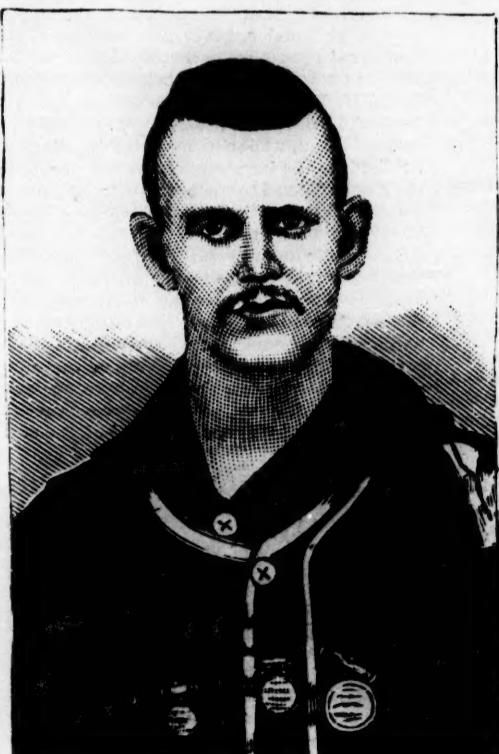
We present in this issue portraits of Charles McEnroe and Alexander Cummings, the pro-

fessional surf swimmers, employed to guard the lives of the bathers on the beach at Rockaway in front of Wainwright's pavilion. Each of these young men have been awarded medals for deeds of self-sacrifice in behalf of their fellow creatures. McEnroe was born in New York city and is just twenty-one years of age. He is a dauntless, daring young fellow, swims like a fish in the heaviest surf and has to his credit 21 lives saved. His comrade, Cummings, strangely enough, counts also on his roll of honor 21 lives saved by him. He was born in Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 4, 1856. Both men took early to the water and signalized the beginning of their heroic careers by saving people from drowning before they were twelve years old.



ALEXANDER CUMMINGS,

STRONG SWIMMER AND RESCUER OF MANY DROWNING PERSONS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.



CHARLES MCENROE,

NOTED SURF SWIMMER AND LIFE SAVER OF ROCKAWAY BEACH.

**VOLUME
TIGHTLY
BOUND
BEST COPY**

CUPID'S CRIMES; OR, THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE.

By the Author of "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Secrets of the Tomb," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IV. A MODERN MESSALINA.

I.

The family of Querengal des Essarts belongs to the ancient noblesse of Brittany. Numerous mesalliances have deteriorated the fortunes of the race and the vices of the later generations have cast the family socially into the mire, but, like all the beggared aristocrats, up to last year they still demanded consideration for their past greatness.

The family consisted of a mother, a son and a daughter. They lived on a sterile farm at Plouiragon near Saint Brieuc. Their poverty was extreme but they insisted on being addressed with deference as gentleman and lady.

In the simple community of which they formed a part the Querengals were regarded with an absolute terror. It was said that they were capable of any crime and circumstances certainly went far towards endorsing this sentiment.

They were, in fact, a type of an idle, worthless and dissolute breed, of whose like all countries unfortunately possess only too many examples.

The chief offences, in number at least registered against them, were those of theft. They stole whenever they got a chance. At different times mother and daughter had been up before the tribunal for stealing money and property from their neighbors and goods from stores. On these occasions the old woman spoke in her own defence and with much violence and ribald fury.

Theft was not the only crime ever alleged against the Querengal des Essarts. They had on more occasions than one been accused on the best authority of offences against public morality, in which all three were concerned.

Aimee Querengal was a plump, fresh and fair Breton girl, with grey blue eyes and copper colored hair. She was, for her station, intelligent and quite accomplished. But she was a flirt of the first order and abandoned to erratic indulgences. She was avered by many who claimed to have irrefragable demonstration of it to have made no concealment of her infamies from man or heaven.

Her brother, Aime, was equally dissolute and depraved with herself and their mother was quite as undisguised and abandoned in her shamelessness.

Altogether this precious trio were about as hard a lot as the feeble grasp of the law ever permitted to inflict itself upon a peaceful and honest community. Yet, singularly enough, the simple country folk upon whom they preyed regarded them with quite as much respect as dread.

The sentiment of subjection to the privileged classes which made the Bretons such strong supporters of the Bourbons during the great revolution is yet alive in that strange land. Now, as then, a title is a pledge of power in their eyes and among a people who treasure the histories of the great families of their district in fireside legends, that of the Querengals was well known.

Years ago this sentiment possessed great weight in the judgment their neighbors passed upon the aristocratic malefactors who lorded it among them.

Thus the grandfather of Aimee and Aime Querengal had been a veritable man monster; a frightful old satyr, addicted to debaucheries almost without a name; he had been more than suspected of murder among his other crimes. He was a voluptuary, abandoned to the grossest and most bestial excesses. Among his mistresses, who had been numberless and through whom he had populated the district with nameless children, had been two, both of whose husbands had been poisoned. All the evidence pointed to him as the poisoner but only a brief and superficial inquiry into the matter had been made, and he had never been held even to a shadow of accountability for his crimes.

And for no other reason than that it savored almost of impiety to assualt one of the id rulers of the land upon the level of the common herd.

The same incredible humility which protected the grandfather defended his children and his grandchildren.

All the offences they had committed could not outweigh the besotted respect which their aristocratic lineage imposed upon their so called social inferiors; all the degradation in which they lived could not sink them beneath the consideration of the decent and homely farmers whom their contact disgraced.

Thus there was afforded the curious picture of a whole community bowing in respect before a family of odious criminals whom they both detested and feared.

II.

Some years ago, Aimee Querengal married a farmer named Marc Pierrot. Pierrot was an excellent young man, quiet, sober and the soul of probity. He worked as overseer for an estate owner of the neighborhood of Saint Brieuc, and in an unhappy hour, for him, fell in love with the fair but frail daughter of the Querengals.

He married her in spite of the warnings which came to him from all sides.

And from the moment he placed the ring upon her finger found he was betrayed.

Incontrovertible evidence proves that Aimee Querengal was unfaithful to her husband upon her very wedding day. She had at the time two lovers, robust country youths who shared her favors. Both of these were guests at the wedding, and with one of them the newly made bride was discovered in *flagrante delicto* while her husband was entertaining their friends.

The news was carried to Pierrot, and he separated his wife from her lover and refused to permit her to dance with any one but himself for the rest of the day.

It is safe to say that nowhere but in Brittany could such a good-natured husband be found. But he was found there. Pierrot not only rebuked his wife's prostitution of her marriage robe by a simple chiding, but even went so far, in the presence of his friends, as to jokingly ask her how many other lovers she had.

"How should I know?" she replied. "Do you think I am a calculating machine?"

Of course a husband of this stripe deserved to be deceived, and he obtained his full deserts.

His wife continued her connections with her old lovers. Whenever Pierrot objected she had reasons to meet him with. When he blustered she walked off and left him to simmer down. So this remarkable household to which a child was born, continued to meander along, the old woman Querengal being a member of it most of the time and getting drunk at her son-in-law's expense whenever opportunity offered.

In 1859, old Querengal, the grandfather, who had rendered himself illustrious by making a mistress of nearly every woman he met, and having half the children he encountered on his rambles call him father, died. He left 50,000 francs to be divided between his granddaughter and grandson, adjuring them to attend to the wants of his daughter, their mother, "with pious care."

Immediately Mme. Pierrot found herself an heiress she commenced to treat her confiding husband with disdain. Pierrot informed his employer:

"Since she got that money she has treated me like a veritable dog."

What happened now in this unhappy household no man can tell save those who were concerned in it. Squabbles which ended in furiouss quarrels were constant. Pierrot went about his work like a man in a dream, as those who knew him said. His wife introduced her lovers into the house and into his own bed. Mother Querengal got drunk every day, and her son, a boy of 17, took equal liberties with his brother-in-law's credit at the wine shop.

It was even hinted that this young satyr held incestuous relations with his mother and sister.

Mme. Pierrot now began to spread a report that her husband was going mad. According to her, he had gloomy fits out of which he woke now and then to treat with furious violence. These performances, for which no one blamed him, of course, she declared were repeated at constantly shortening intervals.

One of his manias, his wife said, was a belief that he was playing dominoes with his little girl, Emilie, now six years old. Indeed, the wretched cuckold was fond of amusing himself in that way with the child. One evening he played some games with her and having lost, gave her a son and said:

"There, that is the last time that you will beat me." Shortly after, the child went to bed.

She slept in the same room with her mother and father. She was tired and slept soundly. Sometime towards morning she was awakened by a loud noise and started up.

The room was quite dark. The sound, she afterwards declared, was the closing of a door. Hearing no one, however, and being affrighted by the darkness and the silence, she buried her face in the bed clothes and prayed.

She remained awake for some time, but no further sound met her ears. The stillness was profound, unbroken by even a breath.

"It reminded me," the little one told the village priest afterwards, "of the grave my grandmother talks about when she has been drinking wine."

The simile, as circumstances proved, was a good one. It was indeed the silence of the death which fills the grave, which her little heart fluttered itself to sleep amid a silence which had filled stronger creatures than she with dread more than once before.

III.

Next morning old mother Querengal appeared in the village, red eyed and nervous after a hard night's grapple with the fiend of the still. She sought out the gendarmerie and reported that her son-in-law was dead.

He had, she said, committed suicide.

The night before her daughter and he had had one of their usual quarrels. Then he had spent the evening playing dominoes with Emilie. After the child went to bed he had recommenced the row with his wife.

He was jealous and violently threatened to punish her for her placability with other men.

After they had talked themselves out the unhappy pair retired. Mother Querengal got away with the heel-taps of her brandy bottle, turned in too and all was silent in the house.

What followed was told by Mme. Pierrot to this effect:

For some time back her husband's aberrations had been becoming more and more frequent and violent. When they had gone to bed that night he had fallen into a disturbed slumber, restless and broken by distempered dreams.

He frightened her and for a long time she could not sleep. Finally she dropped off into a heavy, leaden repose, worn out by watchfulness and terror.

A struggle beside her woke her suddenly and as she started up she felt a furious clutch upon her throat. She could not even cry out. All she could do was to seize her assailant's wrists and keep him from completely suffocating her.

This assailant was her husband.

He came to himself in a moment and released her, begging her pardon. As soon as he let go of her she fell back upon her pillow, senseless.

It was two hours more before she awoke. Then she was recalled to herself by a sensation of heat and suffocation. The curtains of the bed were on fire and Pierrot lay beside her dead, his life blood covering her from head to foot.

He was shot through from chin to cranium by a ball from his gun, which had lodged in the ceiling. After his wife fainted he had got up, taken his gun, which was always loaded, and placing the muzzle against his chin pulled the trigger with his feet.

Paralyzed by horror, Mme. Pierrot could not move. She had remained beside the cadaver till daylight, incapable of motion. Then her mother coming into the room had discovered the tragedy.

The old woman was not one of the kind whom tragic events could overcome.

She grappled the events without hesitation, straightened the corpse out, placed the gun within handy reach of it and then went out to notify the authorities of the suicide.

The gendarme who was sent to investigate met Mme. Pierrot in tears, covered with blood, in the door of the bedroom. She designated the big Breton bed on which her husband's corpse reposed by a dramatic gesture and appeared carried away with grief and horror.

Her mother took matters as coolly as a frozen cucumber, however. She helped wash the body, exchanging pleasantries with the servants. When the police surgeon arrived to examine the corpse she displayed uneasiness, but it vanished when, after a superficial examination, he declared it beyond a doubt a case of suicide and as he departed shouted a joyous adieu after him.

Then she commenced to dance around the corpse, laughing and cracking jokes until the angelus commenced to sound, when she fell on her knees and prayed the prayer of the dead. The neighbors who had come in retiring, she cried, jocularly:

"Well to the pretty young widow, to be left without a bedfellow!"

One of her daughter's lovers, Ives Berillon, offered to remain. His cynical generosity was declined, however.

"You are altogether too ready when some one gives you a chance," said the widow. "We will excuse you this time."

Pierrot was buried. The day after his funeral his wife washed the blood-stained night shirt in which he had died and manufactured two chemises for the little girl out of it. The old woman spoke of the family misfortune everywhere as a good riddance.

The villagers alluded to the death of Pierrot with sinister suspicions, but doffed their hats when his mother-in-law or her children passed, all the same.

So much for the force of habit and the fact that one has a family tree to lean against.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRETTY PAUPER.

She Tells Some Tough Stories of Life in a Pennsylvania Poorhouse.

The Allegheny City, Pa., poor farm has been the subject of many scandalous stories during the past three months and these finally took so loud and decided a tone that an investigation became absolutely necessary. Superintendent Nichols was finally hauled up before the poor board at Pittsburg, Pa., on a charge of having had illicit intercourse with one of the paupers at the farm, a young girl named Anna Hickman. On the 21st ult. Anna was before the board and made the following startling statements:

"I came to the house about the 22d of December last and remained here until about three weeks ago. Mr. Campbell was the first man that had anything to do with me; he asked me to go to his room and I went; he did not use force, I was willing. This was several weeks before I went away. I went to his room three or four times; he asked me to go to his room and I went. I generally stayed about fifteen or twenty minutes. I think the first time was on Monday night about half-past nine o'clock. I went through the chapel to his room; he met me at the door; the chapel door was always unlocked when I went through. I think I went there four times, that is, was only in Campbell's room once, was in the chapel with him the other times."

She further testified to having slept with Panner, the baker. The first time Panner had anything to do with her she met him in the bakery, where she had gone for starch.

The girl was then told to tell what she knew regarding the superintendent of the Home, Mr. Nichols, which she proceeded to do, prefacing her statement with an account of the number of times she was locked up for conduct not in conformity with the rules of the institution. She said:

"I was locked up in the insane department: when Mrs. Nichols went away Mr. Nichols let me out; I was rooming with a room mate named Georgina Dawson. She used opium and when she was out of it she sent me to Mr. Nichols for some tobacco. He said something to me that time; I went to him in the dispensary one day for something in my stomach; I was sick. He took liberties with me and made suggestive remarks. I was standing up when he caught hold of my clothes. He did not do anything else but told me to hurry out of the dispensary as some one might see us; that the windows were open. The next time he said anything to me was when I was washing his clothes; he asked me how soon I would be done. I said about four o'clock. Then he told me to come up to his room; I went to the room. We were on the lounge; he told me to come back to his room that night; it was on Tuesday night and before Mrs. Nichols came home. I went to his room about ten o'clock and stayed there until two o'clock. I was with Campbell one night and with Mr. Nichols the next night; this was Tuesday night; don't know where I was the next night unless I went back to Campbell's room."

Mrs. Heeley, the matron of the Home, testified that Anna had confessed to her that she had intercourse with several of the employees. Mansfield, the blacksmith, also testified to seeing Anna go to Superintendent Nichols' room at night, when Mrs. Nichols was away and to seeing Campbell in flagrante delicto with her.

Mr. Nichols is to be arrested on a charge of adultery and Anna is already locked up on a charge of slander preferred by him.

A TENNESSEE VENDETTA.

Two Fathers and Their Two Sons Engage in a Fatal Pistol Fight in Court.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A nice row of families in Knoxville on Aug. 28. Last Christmas eve Don Lusby shot and killed Wm. C. Mabry, son of General Mabry, in Knoxville. On his trial for murder the jury disagreed and Lusby was set out on bail. On the morning of the 28th ult Lusby met General Mabry in the street. Hard words passed and Lusby threatened to shoot the General. The Marshal arrested Don Lusby, but he, assisted by his father, Moses Lusby, resisted arrest. Both were finally overpowered, however, and were taken to the City Hall, where, before the Recorder, the officers attempted to disarm them. The Mabrys, General Joseph A., and his son, Joseph, Jr., were present as witnesses. A scuffle and a general pistol fight ensued in court between the two fathers and two sons, which ended in Moses Lusby being shot through the breast and instantly killed, and Don Lusby, his son, being fatally wounded. The Mabrys gave bonds to answer and were set free.

SMITH'S SEVEN WIDOWS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A negro named Thomas Smith died and was buried in New Orleans, on August 28. He had at one time ten living wives. Nine of these survive him, and seven attended his funeral services in full mourning and wept over his grave. After the burial, the reliefs of the defunct returned to his house and engaged in a grand fight for his property. In the course of the row the furniture was completely demolished, and all of the windows were more or less injured. Smith was married by a Baptist minister every time he chose a new wife, and never was hauled up for his polygamy fancies, nor did he ever find any obstacle to his indiscriminate courting.

WOMEN'S WRONGS AND RIGHTS Maids, Wives and Widows in Their Relation to Naughty Men.

A PRETTY German girl, Lena Mahl, committed suicide by drowning at Auburn, N. Y., on the 22d ult. She was jealous because her lover had granted confidences to other girls and took this means of manifesting her deep feeling of resentment.

MISS ELLA WAGNER, of Springfield, O., brought suit on the 17th ult. against William Ullyer, a negro. Ullyer said that he saw Samuel Selbert, a married man, going into a cornfield with Miss Ella, that they were talking smutty and he could guess the result.

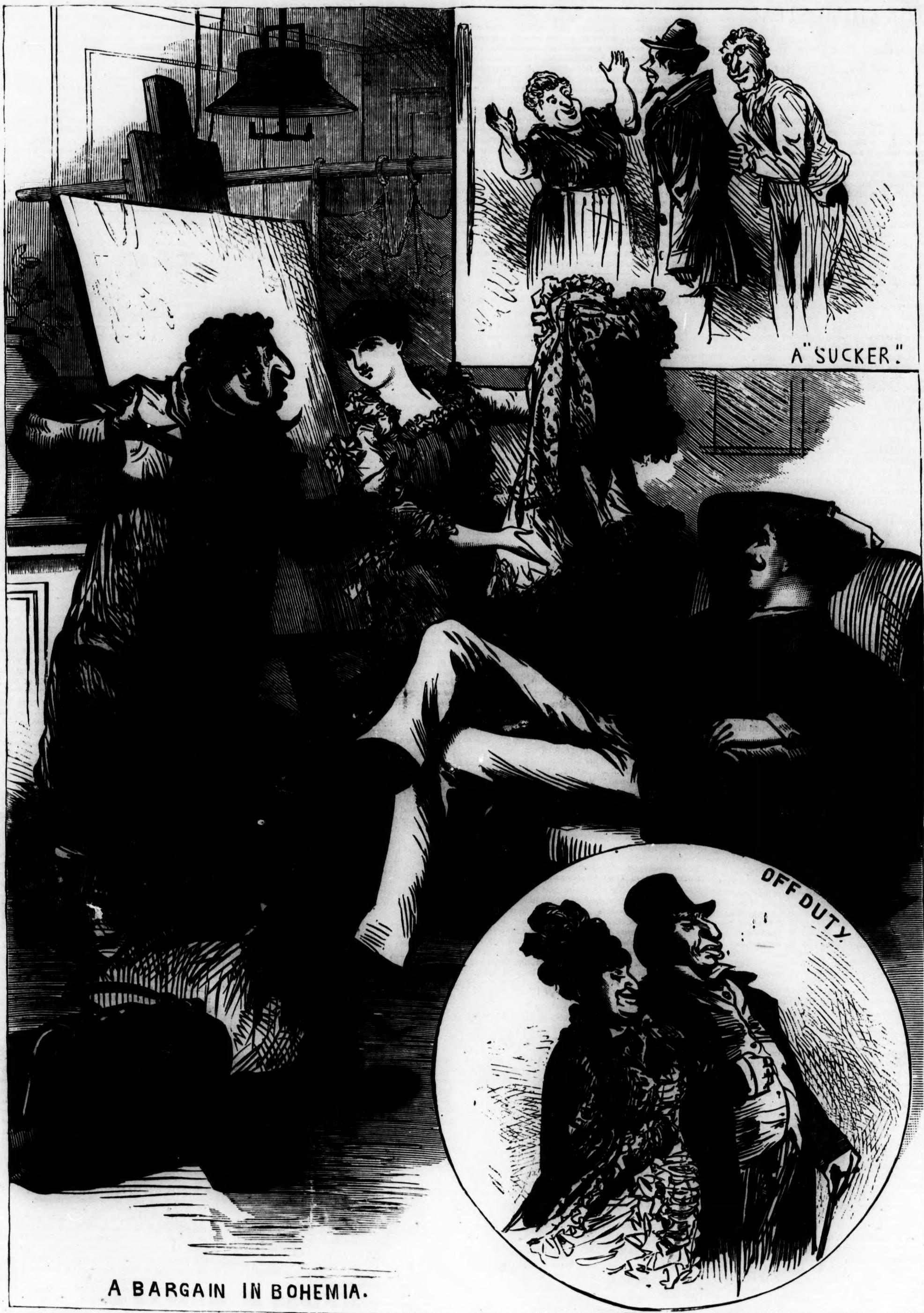
MINNIE BLAKESLY, a beautiful young woman of Chicago, Ill., failed to win a young man named Wagner as a husband and therefore killed herself with a dose of morphine on the 19th ult., leaving a letter to her mother telling her, "do not blame Mr. Ward; he always treated me like a gentleman."

MAGGIE CUNNINGHAM, of Cincinnati, went out for a walk with a young man named William Smith on the evening of the 17th ult. After inducing her to drink two or three glasses of beer he led her into a stone yard in a deserted part of the city and there enraged her. He then attempted to drag the semi-conscious and badly bruised girl to her home but his condition was noticed by the police and both were taken into custody. He is now under bonds to answer a charge of criminal assault.

WHEN James Bodie was at the altar in Quinnesee Mich., all ready to marry a beautiful young lady of that town, a woman arrived who claimed to be his wife.

She had with her four children which she said were his. He proved that the marriage was a big ceremony, performed by one of his, Bodie's, chums. The incensed people of the town gave Bodie ten minutes to decide whether he would marry the woman or not.

On the 18th ult. Elizabeth H. Severet of Cincinnati began proceedings for divorce against her husband, Albert Severet, member of a wealthy pork packing firm of that city. The parties were married in Philadelphia in 1861. In 1873, the complainant avers, Mrs. Severet was driven from her husband's home and since that time



"OLD CLO'! CLO'! CLO'!"

LEAVES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A WARDROBE WRECKER—HOW MR. SOLOMON ISAACS ATTENDS TO BUSINESS AND HOW HE AND RACHEL ENJOY ITS FRUITS.



A TENNESSEE VENDETTA.

TWO FATHERS AND THEIR SONS ENGAGE IN A FATAL PISTOL FIGHT IN THE RECORDER'S COURT AT KNOXVILLE, TENN.



THE SHEPHERD ON THE RAMPAGE.

A METHODIST DOMINIE OF SHILOH, O., DISCIPLINES A TIPPLING MEMBER OF HIS FLOCK AND GETS STABBED IN THE FIGHT.



SMITH'S SEVEN WIDOWS.

A NEW ORLEANS DARKEY DIES AND LEAVES SEVEN YOUNG WIDOWS TO WEEP FOR HIM AND TO FIGHT FOR HIS PROPERTY.



A CRAZY STRATEGIST.

A PERUVIAN OFFICER SETS A MASKED BATTERY TO WORK BY BURNING GLASSES, AND FALLS INTO HIS OWN TACTICAL TRAP IN THE LIMA DISTRICT, PERU.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Sleek and Oily Parson Gets His Amorous Fine Work In.

Samples of All the Sins and Their Modern Adornments by the Saints of the Pulpit.

THE police of St. Louis have received the following concerning an eloping parson who is wanted at Waynesburg, Ohio: "Look out for and arrest Rev. W. Bedall; he has black suit, coat buttons up to chin, blue eyes, light complexion, 5 ft. 7 in, height, 33 years of age; also wore linen duster, broad brim braid straw hat and low cut shoes. He is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. Young girl with him, 15 years of age, slender build, blue eyes, wore myrtle-green suit trimmed in black lace, bronze colored hat, low cut shoes. They left Aug. 14, 1882. He, Bedall, is quiet on foot and very straight. Any information or clue as to their whereabouts dispatch immediately to Frank Arnold, Waynesburg, Stark county, Ohio, or to James Arnold, Beallsville, Monroe county, Ohio." Nothing has been seen of the parson yet and the search is extending to the east as well as to the west. The relatives of the girl refuse to give any further details than the foregoing, leading to the supposition that it is only the old, old story of the shepherd and the lamb.

SEDALIA, Mo., has been in arms for a month and more over an allegation that Rev. T. J. Shepherd, of the Methodist Protestant Church, had made an attempt to seduce Mrs. Wells, the wife of a brother pastor at Mount Olivet Church. Brother Shepherd retired, finding the pulpit too warm for him. On the 8th ult. more crookedness was alleged in the same direction. Miss Lou. Lapée, one of the lambs of the flock who had been converted in March last by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd himself, was accused of having been on terms of amorous intimacy with Deacon James Purcell, who is forty years of age and has a wife and a large family of children. A meeting was called to investigate the charges brought by Brother Robinson, who had alleged that he had witnessed the goings on of the deacon and the lamb, but the accuser and the accused had a private interview and decided to drop the subject. The parson then announced that the deacon had been vindicated. Several church members in the audience shouted, "That's a hell of a vindication," and it was only after the most herculean efforts of the peacemakers that a free fight was prevented.

In Salem, N. H., the old-fashioned Puritan spirit which inspired the witch-torturing saints of olden times cropped out again on the 20th ult., when the church gossips got up a veritable tempest in a teapot about the wife of the village pastor, Rev. O. P. Wright. The villagers assumed that relations of the dominie's wife with a young physician of the place quite overstepped decorum, and for a month or two kept a close watch on every act of the pair. During the temporary absence of Mr. Wright, on the 17th ult., the gossips noted with horror that Mrs. Wright had taken the train for Lawrence, and the doctor was seen shortly after driving in his buggy in the same direction. It was arranged by the busybodies to give the couple a warm reception if they returned together. At 9 P.M. the doctor and minister's wife drove up to the parsonage in the doctor's buggy, and found a delegation of the villagers waiting there for them. They saw the lay of the land and shrank from facing the music, so the Esculapian whipped up his horse and drove by with the lady to his own house on the other side of the church. Both entered the house, and the villagers posted a guard about the residence, keeping it up all night by a regular military system of reliefs. At 4 A.M. the doctor and the parson's wife came out and again drove to Lawrence, returning together to Salem by rail the next day. When the parson returned fifty tongues clacked the bad news in his ears, but when he had heard all he said his faith in his wife was still unshaken. At the evening prayer-meeting the wife read a statement of her relations with Doctor Wade, and indignantly repelled the aspersions of the goody-good coterie of old women. The sensation still agitates the little village, however, the inhabitants being divided into two parties—one for, the other against the parson and the doctor.

AUGUSTA L. HAZELWOOD, of Stoughton, Mass., petitioned for divorce from Rev. Webster Hazelwood of West Roxbury, Boston, presenting evidence of desertion adultery and bigamy. The case had previously been zealously kept from the public but the facts have at last come to light. Webster Hazelwood has for some time past resided with his parents at West Roxbury. He is now 41 years of age. He is a graduate of Williams College where he studied for the ministry and where he was ordained after graduation. While at Williamstown he became acquainted with the plaintiff in the present suit, she being the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens in the town. He pressed his suit and finally married her in 1866. After their marriage they resided in Northbridge, Naird, Stoneham and Slaterville, R. I., in each of which places he supplied the orthodox pulpit. He finally located in Everett, Mass., where he held a position as pastor of the orthodox church for about eighteen months. During his pastorate at Everett he developed a remarkable fondness for the female members of his flock and his unwarranted conduct toward some of the younger and more interesting of his parishioners subjected him to much unenviable criticism. His tender familiarity with one of them particularly, a charming and hitherto respectable girl of 18 summers, caused intense dissatisfaction among his congregation. Mrs. Hazelwood, after patient endurance had ceased to be a virtue, protested against his paying such assiduous attentions to the budding beauty but without avail. Her husband acted as if he were infatuated with the girl and absolutely refused to listen to the admonitions of his friends. Finally the scandal became so open that a council of the churches was called at which Hazelwood admitted that he had gone wrong but promised amendment. He was granted letters of dismissal but immediately left the town. Soon after he wrote to his wife who was visiting friends that he would not support her any longer but would pay for the board of their ten year old son. Afterwards he met her in Boston and repeated what he had said. The next she heard of her recalcitrant lord was when he notified her that he had procured a divorce from her. She at once replied that if it were true it must have been by fraud, as

she had given him no ground therefor nor had she been legally notified. He refused to inform her or her attorney where he had obtained the divorce. Not long after she heard he had married a pretty waiter girl in a Boston restaurant, to whom he had represented himself as a free man.

Diligent search was made for the record of a divorce which he said he had procured and at last it was found that it had been obtained in Richmond county, N. Y. According to the record alleged evidence had been given that Hazelwood was a resident of that county and testimony of the grossest character against Mrs. Hazelwood had been introduced. Further investigation revealed the fact that the supposed attorney who procured the decree had represented himself to be James M. Lawrence, a highly reputable attorney of New York, who had died the year previous. The bogus Lawrence was a clerk in the real Lawrence's office and had never been admitted to the bar. The evidence of the so called witnesses and Hazelwood appeared to have been perjury of the grossest nature. Judge Barnard promptly set aside the decree and in strong language denounced the proceedings as a fraud upon the court, but as Hazelwood and his witness were not in the domain of the state the court could not punish them. A warrant was issued for Hazelwood's arrest and he was committed to the Tomb on a charge of adultery. The grand jury indicted him upon that complaint but Hazelwood's relatives, seeing that imprisonment was inevitable, prevailed upon Mrs. Hazelwood not to appear against him in court.

A HOPEFUL YOUNGSTER.

Young Johnny Curtis, of St. Louis, Tops off His Eloping Escapades with Another Affair.

You remember that gay young Lothario, that 18-year old boy, Johnny Curtis, who eloped with Mrs. Dixon of St. Louis a month or six weeks ago, taking her away from her two children and her wealthy husband? He took a brief southern jaunt and then growing weary of her cast her off and returned home to his parents. He has been living very quietly under the parental eye since his return but on the 12th ult. got into another amorous scrape.

He was arrested on a charge of criminal assault. It is alleged that on Saturday night, the 12th ult., as Miss Katie Boyle, a domestic engaged at Dr. Papin's residence on Laclede avenue, was going home she was accosted by Curtis, who knew her. She made no reply until approaching the house Curtis requested to be furnished with a glass of water. The girl complied with the request and went to draw the water, when Curtis slipped in through the open door which he closed and locked. His next movement was to lower the gas and then concealing himself behind the pantry door he waited Miss Boyle's appearance.

When she entered the room Curtis sprang from his place of concealment and knocked the girl down and rendered her helpless by planting his knee on her chest and covering her mouth with his hands to prevent screaming. A desperate struggle ensued, during which the clothing was torn from the woman and she was badly bruised by the violence of her assailant. During the encounter she screamed for help but owing to the servants' quarters being at the top of the house her cries were not heard but eventually she wrenched herself away and ran up stairs, making good her escape from the scoundrel who had been baffled in his designs.

The girl reached her room in a fainting condition and her room-mate after listening to her account of the struggle deemed it advisable to notify Jackson, the private watchman who patrols the vicinity. As the women bestirred themselves to assist their companion they observed Curtis leave the house and called after him. Glancing up to the open window the boy applied a most offensive and indecent epithet to the woman, who to save themselves from abuse let the fellow go un molested.

Sergeant John Shore was informed of the assault by Jackson and in company with officer Woodlock he visited Curtis' residence and arrested him on the girl's complaint. Mr. E. H. Blair, son-in-law of Dr. Papin, lodged the complaint at the police station and said he would have the case prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The boy's father bailed out the young hopeful and when spoken to about the case said to a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent:

"I guess Johnny is all right this time. The story he tells me is that as he was going home last night after 12 o'clock with two friends they noticed three girls come along near the junction of Lindell avenue and Olive street. They separated, going in different directions, and this girl, Katie Boyle, who knew Johnny when she was employed at Judge Laughlin's, asked him to see her home. Johnny took her arm and on arriving at the house refused to go inside when repeatedly asked, and sat on the steps when she brought him a glass of water. That is all that happened, as he tells me, and I believe it is simply a case of blackmail."

THE NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A pretty story is going the rounds of a well-known actress. The lady in question has resided for the summer in a flat house on one of our uptown streets. As is frequent in such localities, the rear windows of the swell house looked upon the rear of some wretched tenements on the next street. Through a window opposite her own the actress frequently saw a woman at work sewing, with a couple of wretched children at her side. The picture was one of such misery that it touched the eavesdropper's sympathetic heart. She instituted inquiries and discovered that the seamstress was the deserted wife of a ward politician who had gone off with a handsome afflity, and that she and her children lived on the very ragged edge of starvation, subsisting only by such shop work as the mother could obtain from the cheap clothiers. One morning, what was the poor woman's astonishment to find a sewing machine delivered at her door. There was no mistake about it. It was for her, and there was a receipt bill with it. Before she had recovered from her amazement there was a rustle of silks in the hall and a vision of rare splendor filled the miserable room with perfume.

"Ah," said a musical voice, "you have got the machine, I see. Now let me show you how to use it."

And she did. Not only that, but she provided her with more comfortable quarters in which to use it, and work to do upon it as well, at least so the story goes. It may be only an advertising dodge, but it is too good not to be true. For the sake of its heroine we hope the latter is the case.

A CRAZY STRATEGIST.

A Peruvian Officer Runs a Masked Battery by Mathematics and Falls in His Own Trap.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The province of Lima, Peru, has been in a sadly ruined and disorganized condition since the war with Chile. The subjugation of the wretched country has not succeeded in subduing the martial spirit, however. It still smoulders on all sides; and the unsubdued guerrilla bands that lurk in the mountain retreats still keep up the campaigning by their futile dashes, irregular raids and bandit operations.

After the Peruvian army was scattered, among the stragglers who retired to their homes or their mountain retreats was Colonel Manuel Ernanes, an old officer who had been educated in Europe, and who was a close scientific student, mathematician and a theorist in military strategy.

Colonel Manuel returned to his ruined homestead in the most mountainous region of the Lima district last February, and devoted himself to studying up some old incomplete manuscript works on military science, which he had intended to have published in the days before his bitter experience in actual war. He gathered together the few negroes still remaining on his plantation and several army stragglers who had returned with him from the seat of war. These he drilled carefully for weeks, arming them with old muskets picked up on the roads over which the shattered army had retreated. In these three weeks Manuel had his little army in a satisfactory state of discipline. Then he set them at work fortifying his house, trenching and digging earthworks all about the place. When this was all complete he led his force on an expedition miles away to recover abandoned cannon and caissons which had been left in bog holes and stalled in the chapparal of dense woods on the wild scamper to the rear. These guns were dragged out with the greatest labor, and after a month's work were hauled to the heights near the house, and mounted in a battery as well as could be accomplished with the small facilities at hand. This battery was then carefully masked with light *chevaux de frise* of saplings. Then the crazy Colonel (for he had gone quite mad over his studies and actual experiences of war, although his ignorant followers had no idea of his true mental condition) ordered a plain extending half a mile in front of the house and the battery that flanked it to be carefully cleared of trees, bushes and vines. This he made a parade ground for his forces, manoeuvring them in feints forward, and especially in retreat in two sections to either flank of the battery.

All this time he was working on a crazy strategical theory, and operating tactics devised and carefully written out by him. It was his plan to entrap the Chilian army in this plain by decoying maneuvers and annihilate the invaders with his small force—leading on the enemy by degrees or by detachments and slaughtering them with his masked battery as soon as they should come. To this end he attached powerful burning glasses to his cannon at the breech, making close mathematical calculation that at a certain hour of the day the lenses fixed at a certain angle would concentrate the rays of the sun on the especially prepared fuses of the guns, discharging them and raining grapeshot and canister on a certain point of the open parade ground. It was his tactical duty to decoy a force of the enemy to this certain spot from day to day, and having them there at the fatal moment, ensure their destruction as by the hand of Heaven. By these means he proposed to get the effective results of an army of artilleries with only a score of actual men manoeuvring scouts.

His preparations all made, he started his campaign on the 20th of April, and advancing five miles came upon a cavalry company and some Chilian mounted infantry on scouting duty. He drew up in battle array and showed fight. They advanced and he retreated, skirmishing all the way, until he came to the tactical field where his crazy mathematical calculations were to be tested. There the Chilians charged; but just as Colonel Manuel and his ragged forces reached the range of the masked guns, the first was exploded prematurely and the others went off in rapid succession, several bursting with their overcharges, and the crazy strategist and his force was annihilated, only three sadly wounded men living long enough to explain the mystery to the astounded Chilian officers who had just escaped the trap set for them.

JOHNNY'S RACKET WITH "PA."

"Ma" Comes Home and Finds Lots of Strange Female Toggery in "Pa's" Room.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A small boy was noted standing on the sidewalk in the early morning on the 20th ult., while a Chicago grocer was opening his store. The boy was remarked picking out pieces of broken bricks from his coat tail pockets. His manner was complacent however and a smile irradiated his dirty features from time to time.

The grocer knew the boy and paused in his work of hauling out boxes and barrels to observe his strange maneuvers.

"When is your ma going to come back from the country?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, she got back at midnight last night," replied the boy, with another chuckle. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to go back up the stairs on one foot. Pa hasn't got no sense."

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocer, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble and it is a wonder to me that they don't send you to the reform school. What deviltry was you up to last night to get kicked this morning?"

"No deviltry, just a little fun. You see ma went away to stay a week and she got tired and telephoned she would be home last night, and pa was down town and I forgot to give him the dispatch. And after he went to bed me and my chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see my chum has got a big sister and we hooked some of her clothes and after pa got to snoring we put them in his room. Oh, you'd laugh. We put a pair of number one slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking chair beside pa's boots and a red corset on a chair and my chum's sister's best silk dress on another chair and a hat with a white feather on the bureau and some frizzles on the gas bracket and everything we could find that belonged to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol too and left it right in the middle of the floor."

"Well, when I looked at the layout and heard pa snoring I thought I should die. You see ma is easily

excited. My chum slept with me that night and when we heard the door bell ring I snuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot and she tried a hasty and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty angry, you bet, at not being met at the depot. 'Where's your father?' says she, as she began to go up stairs. I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time—that he'd gone to bed an hour ago. Then I slipped up stairs and looked over the bannisters. Ma said something about heavens and earth and where is the luxury and a lot of things I couldn't hear, and pa swore and said it's no such thing and the door slammed and he talked for two hours. I suppose they finally laid it to me as they always do, 'cause pa called me very early this morning and when I came down stairs he hurt my feelings. I see she had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper and I suppose when I go back I shall have to carry them home and then she'll be down on me, too."

A LOVE CHARM COMPLETE.

One Silly Maid, Two Moonstruck Swains, Two Pistols and One Corpse.

Miss Mamie L. Hatchett, a young woman of Lunenburg Court House, Va., refused to marry a young man named Richard B. Garland, when he proposed, and then engaged herself to another suitor named Joseph Addison. The two young men had never met. Garland, piqued by his jilting, said the lady had only flirted with him. When he heard this she wrote him a long and insulting letter, and like the silly girl she was, induced her lover, Addison, to inclose in it a slip of paper on which he said he held himself personally responsible for the sentiments in the lady'smissive. Garland armed himself waited for Addison down the road in a lonely place, the two men were introduced, and Addison refused to apologize. The latter supposed that "satisfaction" was to be exacted in the pugilistic form, for he threw himself into fighting position as Garland came toward him, but the latter drew a revolver and opened fire. Addison then drew his pistol and fired one shot as he retreated, breaking Garland's arm. Garland emptied his revolver into the body of Addison and then got another pistol from a friend. This is what the Virginia friends of Garland call a duel, and what the lawyers are trying to prove a murder. And all on account of a vain, frivolous young woman!

TRAIN ROBBERS IN OHIO.

An Excursion Train Raided and Robbed by a Gang of Desperate Thieves.

An excursion train was run on Aug. 27 from Toledo to Grand Rapids on the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis narrow gauge road. There was a temperance camp-meeting near Grand Rapids, hence the excursion. There were twelve cars on the train closely packed with excursionists and as there were no police the pickpockets swarmed in the throng and raided the passengers with impunity.

Coming back in the evening the robbers organized and went through the cars, flourishing revolvers and making the timid passengers give up their watches, jewelry and money. One old man and his son standing on a platform of one of the cars resisted, and the old man after being robbed was pushed off the moving train. The conductor and brakemen with several plucky passengers then organized and went for the thieves. A desperate fight ensued, which created the wildest terror among the women and children on the crowded train.

The conductor was beaten almost to death and the fighting train hands and passengers were badly used up. The train slowing up just before reaching Toledo, the gang of robbers jumped off, took to the fields and made their escape in the darkness.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

FRED. NEWMAN, of Polo, Ill., got drunk on the evening of August 15, and was staggering along homeward when a coat was thrown over his head, it is supposed to confuse him and render him an easy prey to robbers. At any rate he was not so drunk but that he could draw his revolver and shoot the man nearest to him. This proved to be William Dodson, who fell mortally wounded. His people who are respectable are raising a row about it, but citizens declare he is associated with bad characters, among others several jail birds—which gives color to Newman's excuse that he defended himself against the attempt of the deceased, with others, to rob him.

At a late hour on the night of the 19th ult., four men of Company K, 9th U. S. Infantry, who were off duty and on a wild spree, near Omaha, Neb., undertook to play highwaymen. They first stopped a man named Frank Lemon, whom they compelled to disgorge six dollars, but when they tackled a Mr. Woolsey, with a demand for his money or his life, he didn't scare according to the programme. On the contrary, he whipped out his revolver and put a bullet through the neck of one of the men named Emanuel D. Shrader, killing him instantly.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

THE Pinkertons captured at McDonough, N. Y., on August 26, a man named Edward N. Welch, who is accused of having been one of the parties who robbed the Keweenaw, Ill., bank of \$20,000. When captured he had on his person the sum of \$4,000. Suspicion was first directed to him by the fact that he tried to disguise himself and to deny his movements in the vicinity of the scene of robbery.

On the afternoon of August 26, the prisoners in the jail at Somerville, N. J., revolted and smashed all the furniture in their dining room and the corridors. Constable Kitchen and Deputy Sheriff Conover, with other assistance subdued the prison birds and got them back in their cells. All but a man named Charles Cummings, who had been recently recaptured after breaking jail. He refused to be locked up, whereupon they set on him in his cell. There he drew a pistol (obtained no one knows where) and fired two shots through the grating, one bullet fatally wounding Kitchen in the abdomen, the other lodging in Conover's shoulder. The fellow gave up his weapon when a force of officers covered him with their pistols and threatened to riddle him with bullets.

THE PRIZE RING.

Shadows of Coming Events Among the Gladiators.

The Ring Record of Tug Wilson's Opponent, James Elliott, with a Review of His Battles.

The arranging of the prize fight between Tug Wilson, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and James Elliott, who are matched to fight Nov. 28, 1882, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., has raised quite a breeze in sporting circles throughout the country. Both men have gained fame in the prize ring and they have many admirers. Elliott is a tall, powerful pugilist. He stands 5 ft. 11 in. in height and weighs trained about 175 pounds. Elliott's first battle in the prize ring was with Nobby Clark, an English fighter. The match was an impromptu one, arising from the fact that John Woods and George King were to have fought at Huyler's Landing.

The pugilists had a wrangle over the affair and they fought off-hand at the Palisades, May 23, 1880. The stakes were \$50 a side and the fight was conducted according to the rules of the London prize ring. It lasted about thirty minutes when Clarke was declared the winner.

Elliott's next affair was with Hen Winkle, a powerful, well-made pugilist. The battle was fought at Weehawken, N. J., Jan. 6, 1882. Prof. Wm. Clarke and John, better known as Cockey Woods, seconded Elliott, while Kit Burns, the once famous sporting man of the Bandbox in Water street, New York, and John Roach seconded Winkle.

Elliott, who was the taller though more slender than his opponent, gained first blood and first knock down in the fourth round and he had Winkle whipped had he followed up his advantage. Ninety-five rounds were fought in 2h. 15m., when the referee declared the fight a draw, although Elliott would have won if Winkle had stood up and fought according to the rules.

After the battle, on Jan. 8, 1882, warrants were issued for the arrest of the pugilists. Elliott was arrested but restored to liberty after a brief incarceration. In November, 1882, Boston boasted of a pugilist who rejoiced in the name of Big Bailey. The latter had boxed with Joe Coburn and he agreed to fight Elliott for \$100.

Elliott, who had always been eager for a mill, agreed to go to Boston and fight the eastern champion and without any palaver he went to the Hub and the match was arranged.

On Nov. 16, 1882, the pugilists fought in a room in Boston. It was a jug handled battle. Elliott whipped Big Bailey just like breaking sticks in four rounds lasting 8m. and 30s. Elliott was scarcely marked while Bailey was terribly disfigured.

Early in the spring of 1883 Elliott was matched to fight Jim Dunne of Brooklyn, N. Y., for \$600. Elliott was then 19 years of age, stood 5 ft. 11½ in. in height and weighed 170 lbs. Dunne had never fought in the ring and had not yet attained his majority. He stood 5 ft. 9½ in. and in condition weighed 155 lbs. The battle created no little excitement and as it was the best one Elliott ever fought we publish it in full.

The fight occurred May 11, 1883, and the battle ground was Camp Scott, Staten Island, about three miles inland from Clifton, and the principals were safely conveyed there, in coaches at an early hour, "before de break ob day," while about eight hundred spectators were gathered about the ring at sunrise. The backers and seconds of Elliott however had been captured by the harbour police while proceeding to the island in a sloop, brought back to New York and discharged, and as Jimmy of course would not fight without they were present a long delay ensued—so long that before the absent ones could reach the ground the blue coats made their unwelcome appearance and stopped further proceedings.

The backers of the men held a meeting that night at which they agreed to have the fight come off at Bull's Ferry, above Weehawken, N. J., on the morning of the 13th. There was another exodus of sports from Gotham during the night of the 12th, in carriages and on shank's mare and at dawn about six hundred were gathered at the ring side, the selected spot being a level piece of ground on the heights overlooking the Hudson.

While awaiting the advent of the pugs the sheriff of Hudson county appeared and attempted to stop the further progress of the affair but as he was not accompanied by any officers no attention was paid to him. Shortly after 6 o'clock Elliott threw his cap into the ring, followed quickly by Dunne. The former was waited upon by Barney Aaron and Jimmy Carroll, Dunne having for seconds Phil Clare and Kit Burns. Jimmy had been trained by Johnny Aaron and Punch Morris, Johnny Galvin looking after Dunne.

Wm. Varley (Reddy the Blacksmith), stood umpire for Elliott, Jim Giddings for Dunne, while the referee was Capt. Mike Norton.

ROUND 1. As the men took the scratch, the contrast between them was marked. Elliott loomed over his opponent, who by the comparison seemed less man than he really was. Both were in admirable condition, especially Elliott, whose muscles were splendidly developed; indeed, he looked a perfect Hercules. Dunne was of a more slender and elegant figure, but his muscles had not an ounce of superfluous flesh on them, while his bright eye, clear complexion, and firm, elastic step showed that he was in perfection of health and condition. His position was excellent, alike for offence and defence, his guard being particularly good. Elliott also stood well, keeping his left and right alternately in forward motion. After sparring for some time, Dunne led off with the left and got home lightly on the ribs, receiving in return a rattle on the left eye, and cross-countering heavily on the brow, which raised a lump immediately. They closed and struggled for the throw, ending by both going down together, Dunne under. First blood was claimed by the seconds of both, but not allowed.

ROUND 2. Both sprang up promptly when time was called. The effects of the last round were plainly perceptible, Dunne's left eye being in mourning, and a large lump over Elliott's peeper. Both sparred for an opening, and at length Elliott led off and sent in his left straight on Dunne's damaged peeper, drawing blood, but napping a heavy ribber in return. After some good exchanges at long range they closed, and Dunne fought Elliott down, amid the most uproarious

cheering from his party. First blood for Elliott claimed and allowed.

ROUND 3. After some skirmishing Elliott got in heavily on the injured eye, nearly closing the shutters; Dunne was not idle, but administered a warm rib-roaster in return. After some exchanges they clinched and pegged away merrily, Elliott being especially at home in in-fighting. In the end Elliott went down on his knees. (Immense cheering from both sides of the ring and offers to bet \$100 to \$50 on Elliott.)

ROUND 4. They fainted for some time, when Elliott dashed in and delivered his left twice in succession on the face, while Dunne repeated his heavy hitting on the body. Closing, they fibbed away in good style, but at last Dunne was thrown.

ROUND 5. The facial appearance of neither man was not much improved by the other's handwork. Elliott's eye was nearly closed and his forehead swollen; while one of Dunne's peepers had adopted the early closing movement. After sparring some time Dunne led off, but Elliott jumped back; amid cries of "Go in, Elliott!" he came up again, and rushing in was met with a tremendous left-hander on the ribs, but got home effectively twice on the face. Some merry exchanges followed, both men being occasionally out of distance. In the close Elliott threw his man cleverly amid tremendous cheering, and offers to bet \$100 to \$40 on his winning.

ROUND 6. Both men had evidently orders to adopt the cautious system of tactics, as neither seemed willing to assume the offensive. At length Dunne, finding his opponent would not begin, led off but missed. Breaking ground, they met again, and Elliott tried his left, but was short, and Dunn countered him on the mouth, receiving a hot 'un on the cheek. In the end Dunn floored his antagonist with a tremendous body hit, in the latter's own corner (Great cheering from the Brooklyn division.)

ROUND 7. The call of time was promptly answered by both and again they sparked together, neither willing to take the initiative. Tired at last Dunn led off but was neatly stopped. Elliott tried to work around to the higher ground but Dunn was not to be had. At last the latter tried again but was short and Elliott countered him with a one-two on the face, napping a rib roaster in return. Some sharp exchanges followed and Elliott got down. Great cheering from both corners.

ROUND 8. Up to this time there was but little difference in the amount of punishment received and although Elliott's friends, having the longest purses, offered odds on his winning, yet in reality it was an even thing. Dunn tried his left but was cleverly stopped. Heavy exchanges on the dial and body followed and after a pause they met again in the centre of the ring to renew their mutual hitting. At last Elliott dropped, receiving as he did so a smart upper cut. His seconds appealed on the ground that Dunn hit him while he was on the ground but the claim was not allowed.

ROUND 9. Both came up as strong as ever. Elliott led off but missed his man. Here Barney Aaron, his second, appealed to the referee saying that Dunn had something in his hands. He opened them at the referee's command but nothing was found in them. Dunn followed Elliott into his own corner, nailed him heavily on the mark but was sent to grass by a finely delivered shot on the left eye. Elliott stuck up to \$100 to \$50 and his friends confident of victory.

ROUND 10. Considerable sparring, Elliott still fighting shy and cautious and causing the Dunn party to express loudly their opinion that he was getting enough of it. On the other hand Elliott's friends showed their confidence by offering to bet odds he would win it. He however could not be induced to come out of his own corner to which he retreated whenever Dunn followed him. The latter got home on the face lightly and Elliott, missing, got down.

ROUND 11. Elliott opened the ball but was partially stopped. More sparring, apparently to gain time. Dunn at length planked a hot 'un on the ribs but Elliott cleverly countered on the neck. The latter then bored in and was met with a straight left-hander on the mouth. Some good exchanges followed, Elliott on the face while Dunn's body hitting seemed to be effective. In the close Elliott went down.

ROUND 12 and last. A long time was spent in sparring, both evidently under waiting orders from their seconds. Dunn at last got home a smacking right-hander on the ribs and jumping back avoided the turn. More time wasted in sparring, Dunn pointing to the scratch and calling upon Elliott to meet him at it and not keep in his own corner. Following him up he again dashed in his right heavily on the ribs and retreated. Again more sparring, Elliott rushing in and Dunn retreating. Meeting again the Brooklyn youth sent in a one-two straight on the dial, drawing the claret freely and was away before Elliott could return. The same routine of mutual feinting and retreating followed, Dunn again calling Elliott to the scratch but ineffectually. Tired of this waiting game Dunn went to his man and some good fighting ensued, the exchanges being heavy and equal. In the early Elliott pressed Dunn onto the ropes which had become loose and slackened, causing him to fall over them. In this position Elliott struck him several times in the face, when his seconds claimed the fight on the ground of foul, alleging that Dunn was down when this hit. The referee decided that Elliott had lost the fight and that Dunn was the victor. Time, exactly 30m.

A scene of the greatest disorder and confusion followed the announcement of the referee's decision. Elliott's party maintained that Dunn was not on the ground but lying on the ropes which prevented his going down. With this we have nothing to do, as the decision of the referee must be accepted as conclusive. How the fight would have terminated but for this affair we will not undertake to say. Up to this point it was a very even contest, neither having any decided advantage over the other.

Elliott claims that he had Dunn "dead licked," but his unwillingness to come out and fight his man does not look as if this was the case. He has made a wonderful improvement in his style of fighting since he met Clark and Winkle and bids fair to obtain a prominent position in the ring.

ROUND 2. Both sprang up promptly when time was called. The effects of the last round were plainly perceptible, Dunn's left eye being in mourning, and a large lump over Elliott's peeper. Both sparred for an opening, and at length Elliott led off and sent in his left straight on Dunn's damaged peeper, drawing blood, but napping a heavy ribber in return. After some good exchanges at long range they closed, and Dunn fought Elliott down, amid the most uproarious

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW GLADIATOR.

Life and Battles of TUG WILSON (Joe Collins) the Champion Pugilist of England, backed by Richard K. Fox for Five Thousand Dollars and the Championship of the World. By mail 30 cts.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
123 William Street, N. Y.

W. S., Olean, N. Y.—No.

MILLERITE, Baltimore, Md.—Bob Brettle's general fighting weight was 146 lbs. Sayers, 152.

GERALD, Pottsville, Pa.—Bill Hastings, better known as Dublin Trick, is still living in New York.

W. G., Colchester, Ill.—I. loss. Ben Count and Bob Caunt, the English pugilists, were both in this country.

D. M., Alexandria, Va.—We know of no way to answer your question but by application to the U. S. ordnance department.

G. W., Selma, Ala.—Mace and Allen fought for \$5,000 and the championship at Kennerville, New Orleans, on May 10, 1870. Mace won in 10 rounds, 4m.

R. G., Washington, D. C.—It was the America that was racing on the Hudson river with the Henry Clay when the latter vessel was burned, July 14, 1872.

J. M., Boston, Mass.—1. Dutchman trotted three miles in 2h. 23½m. on the Beacon Park course, N. J., Aug. 1, 1880. 2. Hiram Woodruff was his driver.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Coburn's fight with Ed. Price lasted 2h. and 20m. 2. Tom Sayers held the champion belt of England from June 22, 1871, to April 17, 1881.

D. S., Lockport, N. Y.—After Tom Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham he challenged through Bell's Life, Nov. 27, 1883, to fight any 147½ man in the world for £100 to £200 a side.

J. H., Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Prof. Wm. Clark kept a saloon, 160 Lurens st., in 1880. 2. Yes. 4. Bob Brettle was born at Portobello near Edinburgh, Jan. 18, 1852. He stood 5ft. 7½in. in height and in condition weighed 146 lbs.

M. G. H., Hartford, Conn.—Scotch snuff steeped in gin, well rubbed in, will scatter the vermin from your canine. Keep him mussled until after the application is well dried in and been washed out with soap and water.

S. G., Springfield, Mass.—Ethan Allen with his running mate, Socks, beat Flora Temple in three straight heats on the Fashion race course, L. L., Sept. 5, 1881. 2. Ethan Allen went to wagon and Flora Temple to harness.

W. M., Utica, N. Y.—Your muscular system may be developed to a great extent by taking judicious exercise, such as walking, running and club swinging. Send for the "American Athlete," it is the standard work on how to train.

DONALD, Stenhammar, O.—Pugilists run too many risks fighting in that locality. 2. A battle now and again is well enough. 3. Paddy Ryan has retired from the ring. 4. Jimmy Elliott is confident that he can whip Ryan or any pugilist living.

S. M., Bappahannock, Va.—1. The popular vote for President in 1866 was, Fremont, 1,362,164, Buchanan, 1,903,029. 2. Jem Mace and Bob Travers only fought once as antagonists. 3. The Tipton Slasher and Sam Hurst were never opponents in the prize ring.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—Peg Woffington was the name of a celebrated English actress who first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, London, in Nov. 1740 as *Sylvia* in the "Recruiting Officer." It is claimed that she was one of the most beautiful women that ever appeared on the stage.

ATHLETE, Boston, Mass.—1. In regard to diet in training it depends almost entirely on previous habits, present condition and state of constitution as to what might or might not be taken. 2. Send for the "American Athlete" published by Richard K. Fox; it is acknowledged a standard work on training.

H. W., Ontonagon, Mich.—The oars are numbered from the bow of the boat towards the stern, number 1 being the bow oar, which together with all the odd numbers are on the right or starboard side of the boat, and all even numbers, including the last which is the stroke, on the left or larboard side.

H. G., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Heenan and Tom Hyer never fought in or out of the ring. 2. John Morrissey and Tom Hyer met at the Abbey on the Bloomingdale road Oct. 20, 1854, to fight. Morrissey said he was ready to commence hostilities when Hyer produced pistols and said he would fight with them. Morrissey refused and the master dropped.

W. S., West Lafayette, Ind.—1. The Marseillaise Hymn, words and music, are ascribed to Rouget de Lisle, a French engineer officer, who composed it in 1791 at the request of Marshal Luckner. 2. It derived its name from the body of troops from Marseilles marching into Paris in 1792 playing the tune. 3. Yes. The author was pensioned by Louis Philippe.

H. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Jerry Noon was born in 1827. He stood 5ft. 8in. in height and fought at 120 lbs. He was never defeated. Beat Young Greek, June, 1849, Bill Grey, Dec., 1849, Hazeltine, April, 1850, draw with Jim Massey, Nov., 1850, forfeited to Bill Cain, June, 1851, beat Hazeltine, Aug., 1852, George Lane, April, 1853, Green, Jan., 1854, and fought a draw with Bill Barry, Dec., 1854.

W. S., Austin, Texas.—1. Joe Coburn. 2. No. 2. Jem Mace and Joe Coburn met in a ring pitched five miles from Port Dover, Canada, May 11, 1872. The pugilists were in the ring 1h. and 17m. and never struck a blow. On May 31, 1871, Mace and Coburn did fight for the championship at New Orleans. The fight lasted 3 hours and 38 minutes. Twelve rounds were fought and the fight ended in a draw.

PUGILIST, Williamsburg, Col.—1. The conditions under which the champion belt of England was held are that the holder must fight all comers within six months from the time of winning each battle or forfeit his claim thereto. He was not however compelled to fight for less than £200 a side unless he desired to do so, and the belt became the property of any pugilist who retained it for three years.

M. W., Sharpsburg.—1. It was on Aug. 21, 1860, that Dan Kerrigan and James (Australian) Kelly fought for \$2,000 at Island Pond, Vermont. 2. Kerrigan's seconds were Johnny Monaghan and Jimmy White.

Harry Finnegan and Hen Winkle seconded Kelly. The battle was all in Kerrigan's favor from when Charley Godfrey called time to the finish. Kelly wanted to stop in the 24th round and in the 23rd he struck a foul blow and Kerrigan was hailed the winner after 45 minutes' fighting.

R. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Lola Montez was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1818. Her parents were English on the paternal and Spanish on the maternal side. A wealthy nabob sought her hand in marriage when she was a mere child but she was averse to the union and with a Captain James she ran away and contracted a clandestine marriage. He finally deserted her and she returned to Ireland to her mother and then selected the stage to gain a livelihood. She died in New York in Jan., 1861, and was buried in Greenwood cemetery.

JETHRO, Austin, Texas.—1. In the fight between Donnelly and Cooper eleven rounds were fought. In the first round Cooper was knocked down. He went down in the next three like Tag Wilson did when he met John L. Sullivan. In the fifth round Cooper fell with Donnelly on top of him. Cooper knocked Donnelly down in the 7th and 8th rounds and Cooper fell in the ninth. Donnelly knocked Cooper down in the ninth round and also in the tenth and in the eleventh Donnelly knocked Cooper down and he was unable to fight any longer.

H. M., Washington, D. C.—1. Commodore Esek Hopkins when he sailed from Delaware Capes, Feb. 17, 1776, had the device of a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking on his flag. 2. The first war vessel commissioned by Washington sailed under the Pine Tree Flag. 3. The flag displayed by Gen. Putnam of Prospect Hill, on July 18, was red, with "Qui transiit sustinet" on one side and on the other side an appeal to heaven. 4. This last motto was adopted by the provincial congress of Massachusetts as the one to be borne on the flag of the congress of the colony—a white flag with a green pine tree.

G. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. Ben Caunt arrived in New York March 10, 1842. 2. He came to this country to see Charley Freeman, the American giant, in order to take him to England to match him against Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher. 3. The affair was breached at Tom Spring's sporting drum at Holborn, London, Eng., April 18, 1842. 4. Freeman's height was 5ft. 10½ inches and his weight about 220 lbs. Freeman and the Slasher fought on the 14th, 1842, and 20m. of December, 1842. The first fight after 70 rounds in 2m., with about equal advantage, was interrupted by darkness; the second by the police, but in the third Freeman came out winner by Perry going down without a blow.

M. W., Detroit, Mich.—1. It was on Oct. 20, 1858, that Mike Trainor of New York and Joe Parish of Detroit fought for a purse at London, C. W. Mike was seconded by Johnny Mills for umpire. Parish was seconded by Mike Carroll and the Little Saddler with Burly Scham for umpire. Sam Muir was referee. Mike scaled 122 lbs. and Joe 142. 2. Nineteen rounds were fought in 2m. when Trainor lost by a foul. 3.

Marion Bernard.

The charming face of Miss Marion Bernard presents to our readers the features of one of the most piquant and promising little actresses on the American stage. A soubrette of vast *chic* and keen humor, Miss Bernard has conquered a place for herself which is but the first of many successive upward steps, and the public has lost no time in testifying its appreciation of her efforts and abilities.

Tony Pastor.

Signor Antonio Pastor stands at the head of the variety managers of America, but he is something more. He is a theatrical magnate who belongs essentially to the drama of the metropolis. He was the first man to elevate the variety entertainment into legitimate and hon-



MAGGIE KEPPEL,

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN BLACK, THE BROOKLYN CHILD STEALER.

orable status, and he has ever been the foremost in grafting upon it the best novelties of the time. As a manager Tony Pastor has become famous for honesty, liberality and gentlemanly dealing with all who have been brought in contact with him, as well as for a signal ability in picking out the best of subjects for popularity and in marshalling them before the public. As a man his gentility has won him an army of friends only surpassed by the legions of those which his artistic campaigns have conquered for him. In spite of his Italian cognomen Mr. Pastor is a New Yorker, and his native village has no occasion to be ashamed of him.

Louis A. Nelson.

[With Portrait.]
A "tony" sneak thief is Louis A. Nelson, alias Professor Slate, who has been raiding the good



MME. THEO.

people of Bluffton, Ind., for some time past under the mask of perfect innocence. He was finally caught in one of his thievery on the 12th of July last and was taken into custody. He managed, however, to escape from the officers shortly after, and has not been seen since. The sheriff of Bluffton, M. M. Justus, offers a reward of \$25 for his detention.

Affection For Strong Color.

Horace Cushing, a handsome young foundryman of Cambridgeport, Mass., went to work in the Norwich, Conn., Iron Foundry four months ago. He boarded with Charles Congdon, a spruce colored waiter, who is employed in the Seaside Pavilion, at Osprey Beach. Congdon was much away from home, and in his absence the foundryman made love to his wife, Congdon suspecting nothing. Four weeks ago Cushing returned to



LIZZIE SELDEN,

THE LITTLE GIRL ABDUCTED FROM HER HOME IN BROOKLYN.

Cambridgeport, owing his host \$60 for board. He wrote frequent letters to Mrs. Congdon, filled with expressions of love. On Aug. 23 Mrs. Congdon asked her husband to carry her valise to the depot, as she intended a trip to a country town—Franklin, near Norwich, where she has relatives. When Congdon returned from Osprey Beach that night he found that his wife had taken \$6, his watch and most of the clothing in the house and fled to Providence. He learned later that Cushing met her at Providence, where they passed the night going to Cambridgeport the next morning. Congdon has appealed to the police for the recovery of his property. He declares he will never live with his wife again. She is several shades lighter than her husband, and has no children. Cushing has been divorced from his wife.



MARION BERNARD.

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]



TONY PASTOR.

[Photo. by Mora.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

Brained in Their Beds.

The Evansville, Ind., murder, which has already been described in these columns at some length, is still exciting the citizens of that town with its mysteries and horrors. We present this week portraits of the victims, Alex. Wieber and his wife, and also a portrait of Charles Carter who has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the awful deed. The murder it will



LOUIS A. NELSON,

ALIAS PROF. SLATE; THIEF, ESCAPED FROM OFFICERS AT BLUFFTON, IND.

be remembered was committed during the night of August 12. Wieber kept a saloon on the outskirts of Evansville. The place is a lonely one, and the woods near it are said to be the haunt of tramps and gypsies. On the morning of Aug. 13, the driver of a beer wagon, who had come to serve the saloon entered the place and found that Wieber, his wife and his little son Frankie had all been killed by having their skulls beaten in with an old hatchet, and the murderer had made sure of his work by afterwards cutting his victims' throats. The baby, aged three months, was found unharmed in its cradle, but spattered with its parents' blood. The house had been robbed, but the thieves and murderers had evidently been frightened off and had not secured



ALEX. WIEBER,

MURDERED WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD IN HIS HOME AT EVANSVILLE, IND.



MRS. ALEX. WIEBER,

KILLED IN HER BED BY MIDNIGHT ROBBERS, AT EVANSVILLE, IND.

of the offense. Detective Newitt brought one of them, Philip Voll, to the lock-up in a street car. Officer Hall started with the other prisoner, Charles Carter, toward Franklin street. As soon as it became known in the crowd that Carter was accused of the crime the immense multitude of people followed them with cries of "Lynch him." The excitement of the people by this time had increased to such a pitch that it was with difficulty Hall could take his man. The



CHARLES CARTER,

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF BEING CONCERNED IN THE EVANSVILLE, IND., MURDER.

much plunder. The police at once set at work to run down the villains. The first arrest made was that of George Lenhardt, the proprietor of the property on which Wieber and family lived. It is said he desired to dispossess them, but they having a lease, he was unable to do so. He has been heard to make threatening remarks, and on one occasion asked his wife, it is said, if it would not be surprising some day to find them all dead. This coming to the ears of the officers

Constable Hutchins and Joe Nichern, went to the depot where they were tendered a locomotive by Superintendent Walker, and they went out the road some nine miles, where they saw two men go into the woods. The engine was stopped and the officers arrested them. On searching them two bloody handkerchiefs and two razors were found. The officers returned to the city and took their prisoners to the scene of the murder; but they stoutly denied any knowledge



A BAD BOY'S TRICK.

"MA" RETURNS FROM THE COUNTRY TO FIND A STRANGE WOMAN'S TOSS PLACED IN "PA'S" ROOM BY HIS HOPEFUL SON, AT CHICAGO, ILL.

men told contradictory stories when questioned. Charles Carter, however, said he was from Mt. Vernon, and had arrived in the city in search of work. Failing to find it he had concluded to go to Grayville. Saturday night he stayed at the Sherwood House, and got up early Sunday morning to take up his journey. He met Voll out on the P. D. & E. road, and they were together until arrested. He explained his having bloody handkerchiefs and razors by saying he cut his fingers in Mt. Vernon, and had used the handkerchiefs to bind up the wound, and the razors were his tools, as he was a barber by trade. This was afterwards corroborated by a telephone message from Mt. Vernon. Lenhardt the landlord, however, is the one the officers cling to as the guilty party.



THE BROOKLYN KIDNAPPER.

LITTLE LIZZIE SELDEN DECOYED FROM HER HOME BY A STRANGE WOMAN, WHO IS CAPTURED AFTER A GENERAL HUNT.

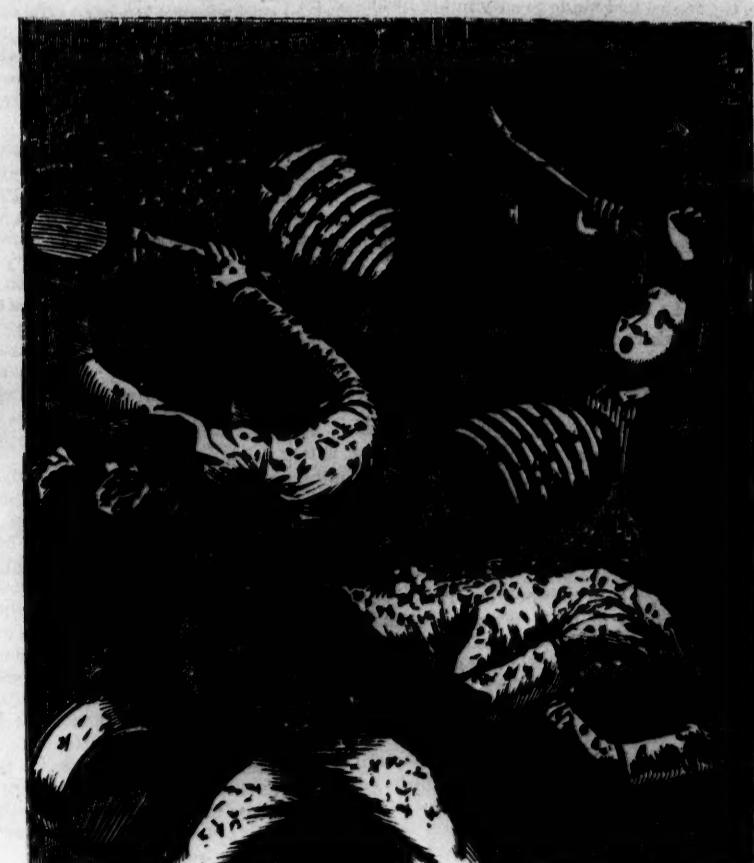


PRESTON A. RYMER,

MURDERED A COMRADE AT FORT LYON, COLO., AND LYNCHED BY A MOB.

they at once arrested him. He is morose, gloomy and refuses to be interviewed. Previous to this the tracks of three men were found in the dust of the road leading from the direction of the Salt Wells bridge to the residence of Wieber. There were three parties, two of whom wore boots or shoes, and the other had a slipper on one foot, while the other had but the imprint of a stocking. Detective Newitt found him in bed, and in the condition described as regards his feet. He was taken to the scene of the murder, but refused to look at the terrible sight, and was taken to the lock-up.

Word reached Chief Pritchett that two men were seen going out the P. D. & E. track, and one of them had a bloody handkerchief. Chief Pritchett, John Resing, Detective Newitt,



THE SERENADERS AND THE BEES.

A QUAKER BRIDEGLROOM UPSETS A DOZEN BEEHIVES ABOUT THE EARS OF A BAND OF SERENADERS, AT STILLWATER, IOWA.

SPORTING NEWS.

BETTING TO WIN.

"The Betting Man's Guide" tells how to invest in auction and mutual pools and combinations, and describes the art of backing sporting events in all its details. It is an invaluable work to every person interested in the chances of sport. Price, by mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

183 William street, N. Y.

THE driver of Flora Belle says she can pace in 2:10.

OLDFIELD is a new pitcher the Philadelphias propose to try.

ROBINSON, the Detroit's new man, is a Massachusetts amateur.

SEVERAL of the Troy nine will play with association nines next year.

COLE is to be sent to England to compete in the cup race there next season.

BURDICK'S average in fielding is .942. He leads the second basemen of the League.

ALTOONA, Pa., has a professional nine now that would like to meet league or American teams.

BASE-BALL is booming at Terre Haute, Ind. The Gray Stockings are the crack club of the town.

THE tug of war in the League comes in the next few weeks with the Eastern clubs in the West.

IT is estimated that there are over one hundred Oscar Wilde Base-ball Clubs in the United States.

THOMAS RANKIN, of Troy, N. Y., succeeds Dickey Pearce as one of the official umpires of the League.

PROVIDENCE claims that the only changes to be made in her nine next year will be a new short-stop and catcher.

REMSEN, "Gentleman John," is playing with the Golden Eagles, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Rather a big come down for J. J.

GOODWIN'S Turf Guide contains all the winners and records of races won. It is in great demand among the betting men.

AT the Provincial rifle shooting match at St. Johns, N. B., Sergeant Loggie, 73d Battalion, won the first prize, the Prince of Wales' cup and \$10.

ALMOST every town on the line of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad boasts of a baseball nine. Some of them are crack clubs, too.

AT Belleville, Canada, A. A. McDonald, the celebrated athlete, is being trained by Chet McKinnon for engagements at various athletic meetings.

THE ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH between picked elevens from America and Canada will be played on the Nicetown grounds on Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.

THE three days' cricket game between the players of England and the Australians at the Oval, ended in victory for the English team in one inning, with 34 runs to spare.

DYWER BROTHERS have purchased of Captain James Franklin the yearling chestnut colt, by Euquier out of Nevada (dam of Luke Blackburn), by Lexington. Price \$3,000.

ON Aug. 30 George Hazael arrived in New York from England to compete in the six-day race in October at Madison Square Garden. He brought his wife and family with him.

PAUL PATILLO, the St. Louis oarsman, refused to row Wisc, the Canadian oarsman, while at Toronto. He showed the white feather and left for St. Louis to the disgust of Canadian sportsmen.

AT Machias, Me., Aug. 23, the bay gelding Comors of Boston made 2:28, the best time ever made on the course. The purse was \$500. S. B. Hill's b. g. Walter made 2:36 for a purse of \$50.

THE PRIZE FIGHT for £100 and the championship of middle-weights, between Pat Perry, the middle-weight champion, and Peter Breslin, ended in the defeat of Perry. Further particulars in our next issue.

CORLIS, the English bicyclist, when he broke the record and made twenty miles inside of an hour, July 27, fainted on the track. His life's ambition having been attained, he was married in London, August 3.

DEASELY of Boston, Stovey of Worcester, Dunlap and Shafer of Cleveland, Williamson of Chicago and Knight and Bennett of Detroit are understood to have received offers from either the Athletic or Philadelphia clubs.

THE FIRST ENTRY for the wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE medal and the light-weight collar-and-elbow championship is the POLICE GAZETTE'S Unknown. He is a native of Erin's Isle, and said to be a wonder.

AT the York race meeting, England, Aug. 23, the race for the great Ebor handicap stakes was won by H. Bragg's horse Victor Emanuel, Lord Lascelle's colt Balio second and R. Jardine's colt Ishmael third. There were nine starters.

IN the sixteen games played between the Athletic and Louisville Clubs, although the Athletics won eleven out of the sixteen, the runs stood: Athletics 80, Louisvilles 77. In the sixteen games played with the St. Louis Club the Athletics scored 127 runs to their opponents 96.

ON Aug. 25, at Wheelock's Grove, East St. Louis, Billy Lynch and Ed Whelan, middle-weight pugilists, fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring for \$400. The battle was a desperate one. Lynch gained first blood and first knock-down. Ten rounds were fought when Lynch knocked Whelan out of time.

THE fall games of the Pastime A. C. will take place Sept. 23 at Washington Park, on which occasion Frank Lambrecht, the amateur champion of America, will attempt to beat all records at putting the shot and throwing the hammer. On this occasion he will be happy to meet Curtis, Quicksilver and all other heavy-weights.

AT New London, Conn., on Aug. 30, Dr. Appleton, of Boston, and E. T. Kirkland and G. Crayton Webb, of New York, guests of the Pequot House, engaged in a swimming match. The course was across

the mouth of the harbor, from the Edgecomb dock to the Pequot House dock, seven-eighths of a mile. Dr. Appleton won in 28 minutes.

ON Aug. 20, in a lumber yard in Chicago, Charles Hart and George, alias Plug, Martin fought a prize fight for \$500 a side. The pugilists are a couple of local middle-weights of considerable science. The fight lasted ten rounds and forty-three minutes. Hart won the first knock-down, first blood and the fight Martin was badly punished.

WE recently had a call from Billy Jordan, the famous master of ceremonies and referee in nearly every important match on the Pacific Slope. He resides in San Francisco, where he has a host of friends. Jordan came on to New York on a visit. He called at all the sporting houses and had a jolly time with the boys. He returned to Frisco on Aug. 29.

AT Hamilton, Ohio, Aug. 22, the Greco-Roman wrestling match between James Dunbar of Montreal, Canada, and Prof. J. Theurer was won by Theurer who gained the first fall in nine minutes and the second in five seconds. Theurer was most warmly congratulated, and was presented with a fine gold badge with a diamond in the center by the citizens of Hamilton.

AT Crestline, Ohio, on Aug. 17, Dangerous Potter and Yank Scott, both colored pugilists, fought for a purse according to the Marquis of Queensbury's improved rules. Potter knocked Scott out of time in the fourth round, and afterwards challenged any colored man in the State of Ohio to fight for \$100 to \$1,000. Two other hard fights under the London rules took place. The parties were not named and the fighting was under no rules.

AUGUST 23, at the Albany, N. Y., annual Scottish games, E. W. Johnston of Hamilton, Canada, accomplished a great feat at tossing weights. He competed against Duncan C. Ross, Donald Dinnie and a host of others. Johnston tossed the caber 41ft. 11in. Dinnie threw 41ft. 9in. and Ross 41ft. 7in. The caber was the regulation one and it was the first time Donald Dinnie was ever defeated. The best caber tossing performance is 41ft. 8in., made by E. W. Johnston at Albany, N. Y., in 1880.

THE following explains itself:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: As champion fencer of the world, I offer my services as a performer in fencing, sword, rapier, foil, knife, bayonet, lance and cane exercise at your place, challenging any professor or amateur in these arts to try my ability. I am willing to contest against two or four at once. Expecting to hear through the POLICE GAZETTE of a reply, I remain,

CHARLES ENGELBRECHT,
Champion Fencer of America.

AFTER purchasing Bend Or for \$10,000, Capt. W. M. Connor resold him to Mr. Kelso, of Philadelphia. He has started in eleven races this year, has won eight and was placed second in two. He has run a mile and half a furlong in 1:49, and won heats of mile and half a furlong in 1:49 1/2, 1:51, winning second and third heats; one mile and 500 yards in 2:10 1/2, the fastest and best race ever run at the distance, and a mile with 140 pounds in 1:46; a mile and a half in 2:35%. In all his races he has carried high weights and run in the best of company.

HERE is what an English sporting man thinks of Tug Wilson:

MIDLAND CITY, MICH., Sept. 23, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Please state in your great sporting journal, which is in great demand out this way, that I witnessed the Tug Wilson fight with Teddy Carney, and believe him to be the best and gamest fighter in England. Carney was a mere child in his hands, and would have been defeated in 15 or 20 minutes in my opinion had he faced him, but he was afraid of Tug from the first—and at the same time thought to be one of the most scientific boxers of the day until he met Tug Wilson. Yours,

HENRY ARTHUR.

THE single-scall boat race between Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, N. Y., and George W. Lee of Scriba, Oswego Co., N. Y., was rowed on Canaderraga Lake, Richfield Springs, N. Y., Sept. 1. The race was for a purse of \$1,500, the distance three miles, one mile and a half and turn. The race was won by Courtney, who beat the best time on record, rowing a surveyed three mile course in 19m. 31 1/2s. Lee also beat the best time on record. Lee's time was 19m. 35 1/2s. Courtney's performance is a wonderful one and he should not hesitate for one moment in challenging Wallace Ross. According to the POLICE GAZETTE record the previous fastest three mile single-scall race with a turn was rowed by Courtney at Owego, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1877, 20m. 14 1/2s.

THE following challenge explains itself:

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Seeing no reply from any of the male professional bicyclists to W. J. Morgan's challenge to race any man in America a fifty mile race (barring J. S. Prince), I will race Morgan twenty-five miles if he will allow me two miles start, from \$100 to \$250 a side. The race to be open to any professional bicyclist who will put up the money required and allow the above handicap (barring J. S. Prince). Race to take place ten days from signing articles.

M'LLE LOUISE ARMAINDO,
Champion Bicyclende.

ALL arrangements were made at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 1 for a grand local sailing regatta which is to be held on New York bay on Sunday, Sept. 10. The race will be over a twelve mile triangular course and open to all nineteen foot sail boats. The first prize will be a valuable gold championship trophy presented by Mr. Richard Ganley of the first precinct of the metropolitan police force. The regatta is to be under the management of Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who will also appoint the referee. The start will be made at 11 A. M. at the Battery and the competing boats will make three turns, rounding stakeboats stationed at Bedell's Island, then round one stationed at South Gowanus and a stakeboat at the Battery. All the owners of crack nineteen foot boats in this vicinity have entered and it is expected that a fleet of twenty will start.

THE Typo's trophy is stirring up the athletes of the "case," it seems, as is evidenced by the following:

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I will match Charles Elchele against S. H. Lucas (winner of the POLICE GAZETTE medal given by Richard K. Fox to the printers of New York) a one-hour go-as-you-please foot-race for a gold medal of the value of one hundred dollars. The race to come off at any time or place that would suit Mr. Lucas' convenience within six weeks from date. I will meet Mr. Lucas any time and place he may designate to make the match. Respectfully,

H. F. JACOBY.

On August 30 Tug Wilson with his trainer, George Holden, sailed on the Indiana for Liverpool. Richard K. Fox, his backer, Arthur Chambers and a host of sporting men saw the pugilists off. Tug said that he would return to America next month with his wife and three children. His wife has been ill for several months and he thinks that her health will be better in this country. On his return he will go into active training for his fight with Elliott on Nov. 28. He has between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in cash and with it he will open a saloon somewhere in Philadelphia. He is anxious to fight Sullivan. He will return with his family in October, when he will go into training for his fight with Elliott. Many of the wiseacres believe Tug will not return but they are wrong; for Wilson says there are dollars in this country to be made where he cannot make pennies in England and that fact alone would be sufficient to bring him back on time.

THE POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at St. Paul, Minn., writes that on Aug. 13, at St. Vincent, Minn., Jack S. Barnes of Rhode Island, the sprint runner, and Joe Du Champ of Pembina, Dakota, fought in Barries' Hall, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for the gate money and a purse. A large crowd assembled to witness the affair. In the first round the men acted on the defensive, each trying to gain some knowledge of the other's modus operandi. A few light blows were exchanged and they each sought the sponge. At the opening of the second round big Joe began forcing the fight to his sorrow. Barnes commenced a fusilade on his nasal appendage which caused that organ to weep copiously. Barnes received a sockdolager in the ribs which caused him to reel. The third round opened with some very pretty work on each side, when they clinched and Barnes showed he was much the better wrestler as he picked up the Pembina giant and planted him squarely on his back.

AT the Lone Fisherman's Inn, Erie, Pa., on Aug. 25, the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for glass ball shooting was for the seventh time contested for. Nine marksmen competed for the trophy and shot at 25 glass balls at 21 yards rise. The following are the contestants and their scores: J. E. Doran broke 23 out of 25; John E. Graham, of the rifle team Butler & Graham, 22; W. W. Derby, 21; J. Forness, 21; C. Van Etten, 19; J. Jarecki, 19; Frank E. Butler, 18; J. Tatte, 18. As the score shows, John E. Doran, of Ashland, won the medal at this shoot and first money. John E. Graham won second money. W. W. Derby and Jacob Forness shot off five balls for third money and the money went to Derby, who made five straight. In the pigeon shoot John E. Graham won first money and W. W. Derby second. The medal is now held as follows: Jacob Graham once, Theo W. Jarecki once, C. Van Etten twice and John E. Doran three times. The next and last shoot will decide the ownership of the handsome trophy.

A NUMBER of gentlemen drove to Hiram W. Howe's Prospect Park club house yesterday afternoon, having been invited by Mr. Richard K. Fox to witness a trial of his \$10,000 trotter, "Police Gazette," whose record is 2:22. The party comprised James Keenan of Boston, formerly owner of the mare, David Scott, Esq., Isaac M. Hudson, Bryan Hughes, James O'Kane, Wm. F. McCoy, George H. Sandison, Frank Stevenson, John Hackett, August Niederstadt, Patrick Duffy, Wash La Brie, B. G. Hughes, William E. Harding and others. Hiram Howe soon had the mare ready but decided that he could only speed her on quarter miles, as she is slightly lame from her recent railroad ride from Iowa. In a week or so when she has fully recovered she will be speeded with the intention of entering her in some of the fall races in this vicinity. After the mare had been warmed up Howe let her try a quarter mile which she made in 36s. Another quarter was made in 35s. and then to the surprise of every one she trotted a quarter in 34s. without a skip. The party afterwards sat down to an elegant dinner as the guests of Mr. Fox and the host and his magnificent horse were toasted in flowing bumpers.—*N. Y. Daily News*.

ON Aug. 30 a number of prominent sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to ascertain if there was any truth in the report that Tug Wilson had refused to fight James Elliott and that he was going to England. Richard K. Fox, who is furnishing the \$2,500 that Tug Wilson is to fight for on Nov. 28 within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., was found with Patrick Duffy, brother to Sheriff Duffy of New Orleans, La., who managed the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight last February. Mr. Fox stated that he knew Tug Wilson was going to England and that had nothing to do with forfeiting the stakes. He said Wilson is going to bring over his family; that George Holden, who will train him for the coming fight, will accompany him. Tug Wilson will return before Oct. 2, when the second deposit of \$1,000 a side is to be posted, and he will then have six weeks to train. Mr. Fox left last night for Philadelphia to see Tug Wilson off and bid him bon voyage. He said the report that the fight will not take place was premature and there was no truth in the statement.

MICHAEL DONAHUE, the famous collar-and-elbow wrestler, is anxious to wrestle any man in America at 140 pounds for \$250 a side and the light-weight championship of America. On Aug. 31 Donahue called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$500 forfeit and left the following challenge:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I hereby challenge any man in Canada or the United States to wrestle me collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, four weeks from signing articles, for \$250 a side and the light weight championship of America—Taylor, of Fisherville, N. H., preferred. I will allow any of the would-be light-weight champions expenses to wrestle in New York or take expenses to wrestle in Boston. This challenge is open to all 140 pound wrestlers in America. I have posted \$50 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to prove I mean business, and if my challenge is not accepted I shall claim the light-weight championship. Any of the many would-be champions can be accommodated with a match by sending articles and a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE. If Hutchins, Montgomery, Carroll and Taylor are as eager to wrestle me in the flesh as they are on paper now is their opportunity. I am respectfully yours,

MICHAEL DONAHUE,

(Whose money says he is the Light-Weight champion.)

NEARLY every state from Maine to Oregon boasts of a light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler. In New York there are Carroll of Hoosick Falls, Michael Donahoe of Brooklyn, P. Dempsey and Joe Ryan. In Vermont there are Soules, Maguire and a host of other noted trippers who think they are invincible. In New Hampshire Taylor of Fisherville is the champion. In Boston, Mass., there are Hutchins, Montgomery and several others, while Colorado boasts of Boles and Tracy. Nearly all these athletes claim to be the champion light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler but it is a hard matter to decide who is the real champion. In order to settle this mooted question Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has decided to offer a valuable trophy to be competed for, and the winner will be considered the light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America. The championship trophy will be the POLICE GAZETTE medal for collar-and-elbow wrestling and a sketch of the emblem will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE before the contest takes place. The first tournament for the trophy will be held at the Alhambra sporting theatre, West 27th street, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27 and 28. Any wrestler who does not exceed 140 lbs. will be allowed to compete for the prize. The entrance fee will be \$5 and will be equally divided between the winner of the trophy and the one who rates second in the competitions of the tournament. All wrestlers who desire to contend will send their names to the POLICE GAZETTE, which will manage the affair. The trophy is open to all comers and the POLICE GAZETTE rules of collar-and-elbow wrestling will govern the contest. The winner of the trophy will have to defend it against all comers for six months.



THE WATER WITCHES OF NEW YORK.

HOW TWO QUEENS OF METROPOLITAN SWELLDOM HAVE BEEN ENJOYING THEMSELVES AFLAT FOR THE SUMMER, WITH PADDLES FOR SCEPTRES AND BIRCH CANOES FOR THRONES.